



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

GRANVILLE HISTORY READERS.



No. 111.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE WARS OF THE ROSES
TO

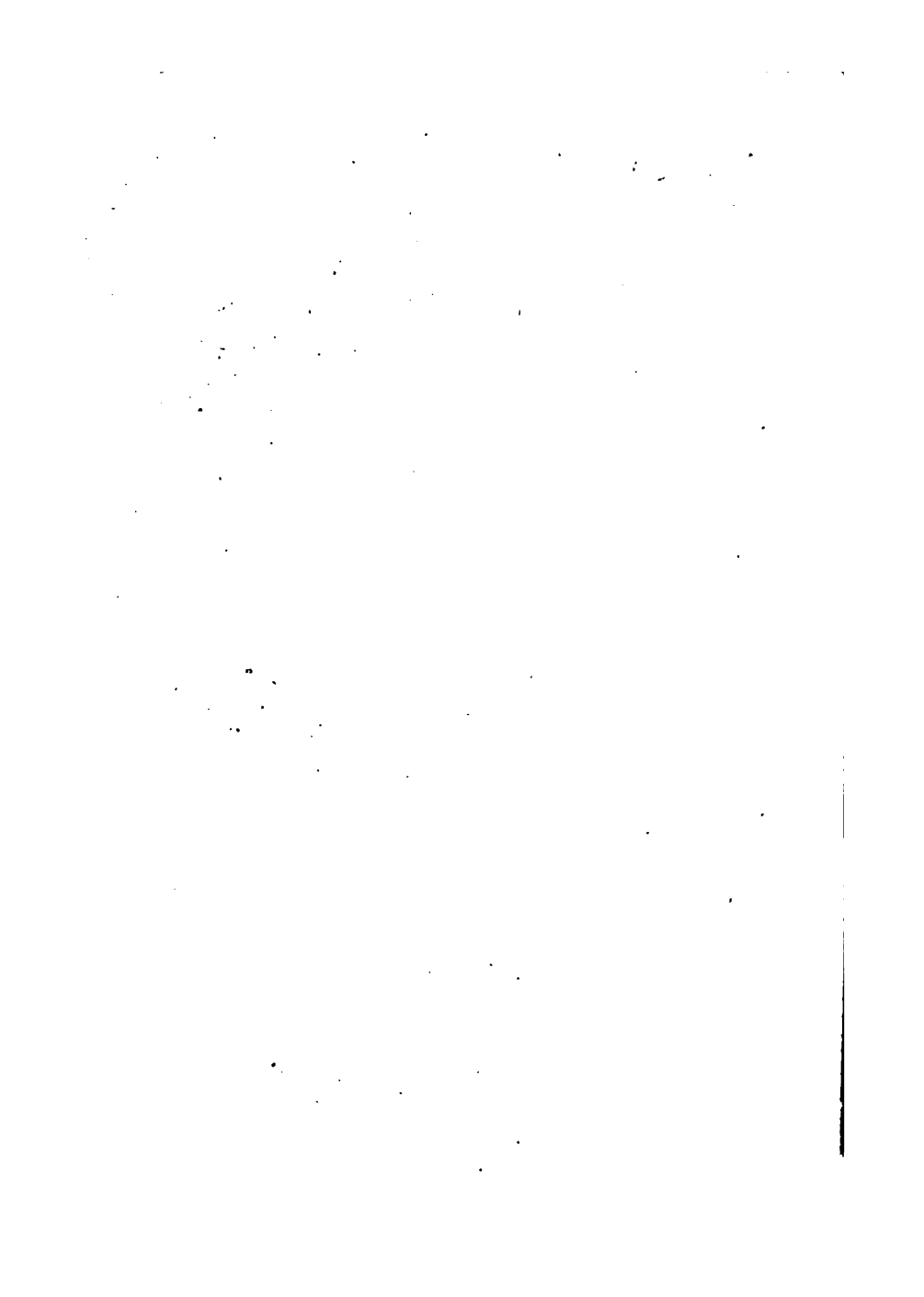
THE PRESENT TIME

T. J. LIVESEY

BURNS AND OATES.




$$228 \quad \frac{f.74}{3}$$

The Granville History Readers.

No. III.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE WARS OF THE ROSES

TO

THE PRESENT TIME.

EDITED BY

THOS. J. LIVESEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIMER OF ENGLISH HISTORY," "HOW TO TEACH READING,"
"HOW TO TEACH ARITHMETIC," "HOW TO TEACH GRAMMAR," ETC.



LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

1882.

228. f. 72



CONTENTS.

[The Poetical pieces are distinguished by a star *.]

SECTION	PAGE
1. MARGARET OF ANJOU	1
2. THE WARS OF THE ROSES	4
3. RENEWAL OF THE WAR	7
4. EDWARD IV.—THE END OF THE WAR	10
5. *DEATH OF WARWICK AT BARNET	15
6. CAXTON AND PRINTING	15
7. RICHARD III.—THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES	17
8. THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD	20
9. UNION OF THE ROSES	22
10. THE NEW LEARNING	26
11. CARDINAL WOLSEY	28
12. SIR THOMAS MORE	33
13. EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE	36
14. DESTRUCTION OF THE MONASTERIES	39
15. *THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN	42
16. EDWARD VI.	45
17. QUEEN MARY	48
18. QUEEN ELIZABETH	52
19. ELIZABETH'S COURT	54
20. MARY STUART	59
21. *EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS	63
22. THE SPANISH ARMADA	65
23. *ELIZABETH AT TILBURY	69
24. THE UNION OF THE CROWNS	72
25. THE GUNPOWDER PLOT	75
26. *THE PILGRIM FATHERS	79
27. THE KING AND THE PURITANS	80
28. THE CIVIL WAR	84
29. *THE CAVALIER	89
30. THE COMMONWEALTH	91

SECTION	PAGE
31. CROMWELL'S WARS	94
32. *THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE	99
33. CHARLES II.—THE RESTORATION	103
34. THE GREAT PLAGUE	108
35. TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS	112
36. THE REVOLUTION OF 1688	116
37. WILLIAM AND MARY	120
38. THE EFFECTS OF THE REVOLUTION	123
39. LIFE IN ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS	125
40. BATTLE OF BLENHEIM	129
41. *THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM	133
42. THE UNION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND	135
43. THE REBELLION OF 1715	139
44. WAR OF THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION	144
45. *WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE	147
46. THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR	148
47. THE AMERICAN WAR	152
48. THE GORDON RIOTS	157
49. THE FRENCH REVOLUTION	159
50. NELSON AND HIS BATTLES	163
51. *NELSON AT TRAFALGAR	167
52. WELLINGTON AND HIS BATTLES	170
53. *THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE	173
54. THE CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION	175
55. THE REFORM BILL	177
56. *THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY	182
57. THE CRIMEAN WAR	184
58. BALACLAVA AND INKERMANN	188
59. *THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES	192
60. THE INDIAN MUTINY	194
61. *THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW	198
62. THE SECOND TWENTY YEARS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN	201
63. *MEN OF ENGLAND	205
THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION	208
KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND	211
NOTABLE EVENTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY	212
GENEALOGICAL TABLES	214

No. III.

GRANVILLE HISTORY READERS.



TABLE OF KINGS—HOUSE OF YORK.

<i>Kings.</i>	<i>Relation to last King.</i>	<i>Reign.</i>
Edward IV.	sixth in descent from Edward III.	1461-1483
Edward V.	Son	1483-1483
Richard III.	Uncle	1483-1485

I.—MARGARET OF ANJOU.

BESIDES his two good uncles, the Duke of Bedford and Cardinal Beaufort, Henry VI. had another, who was a very bad man. This was the Duke of Gloucester, who tried every means to get himself made Protector, and to usurp all the power in the kingdom into his own hands. In spite of all that his brother could say, he would marry the Duchess Jacqueline of Holland, who had been living for a long time in England. This lady, whom Henry V. always called *Dame Jake*, was very rich; and it was to gain her money more than anything else that the Duke of Gloucester married her. This marriage offended the great Duke of Burgundy, Jacqueline's feudal lord, and made him help the French king instead of helping Henry, as he always had done hitherto.

After Gloucester had done this, Jacqueline was taken prisoner and sent to her own country; and instead of going to help her, and trying to get her back again, this

wicked man married another wife, who was as bad as himself. This woman was said to be a witch; and she was accused of making a wax-image of the king, and melting it before a slow fire. It was foolishly believed that when the image was melted, the king would die.



Windsor Castle, Birthplace of Henry VI.

She was condemned to walk through London with a lighted taper in her hand, as a public penitent; and the Duke of Gloucester, who was extremely proud, felt this disgrace very much.

It is not certain whether his anger led him to make any plots against the king; but very soon afterwards

he was arrested, and died quite suddenly, some said of apoplexy, and some by poison. It is more likely that his angry passions caused him to die a natural death.

Soon after, the great Cardinal Beaufort died too ; but not before he had married Henry to his beautiful and brave wife, **Margaret of Anjou**. She was the daughter of King René of Provence and Isabella of Lorraine, who was descended directly from Charlemagne, and she inherited from her mother all the valour and beauty of the great Carlovingian race. When she was quite a little girl, her father was taken prisoner by the Burgundians, and her mother went with her and her little brother Louis to live at a beautiful castle on the banks of the Rhone. The children were both so wonderfully beautiful, that whenever they went out, the people strewed flowers at their feet, and sang songs about them.

Margaret was only fourteen when Henry VI. sent the Earl of Suffolk to ask her to marry him ; and some time after, he brought her to England. The whole of King René's court wept bitterly when she came away, for she was universally beloved by them ; and when she came to England, and the people saw how good and beautiful and kind she was, they followed her about in crowds, made processions and shows to welcome and amuse her, and wore her badge, the daisy,* in their caps and jackets. All the books that were made had daisies painted in them ; and nothing was talked of but the beautiful young Queen Margaret.

Margaret was very different indeed to what she was afterwards driven to become by the cruelties and horrors of the last years of Henry's reign. She was very meek and gentle, and did all she could to make peace with France, and to set poor distracted England in order, and to establish new manufactures of silk and woollen, in which she took great interest.

But all that she could do was in vain. The meek and gentle Henry was too weak to control the fierce passions of the time, or to tame the powerful nobles, who had, in

* *Marguerite* in French.

fact, changed the government of England from a monarchy into an oligarchy, that is, the government of a few nobles.

Peace was made with France ; but Louis XI., who was the French king, was too cunning to make it without getting a great deal of land from the English. He knew that Henry was nearly ruined by the long war, and that he had great difficulty in getting money from the nobles and people. He asked, therefore, to have Maine and Normandy given up, before he would make peace. And when the English found that nearly all that Edward III. and their brave Black Prince and Henry V. had won was given up again to the French, they were very angry, and they said that the prime minister, Lord Suffolk, ought to be beheaded.

Lord Suffolk was a good and brave man, who had only done his duty as far as he could ; but his defence was of no use, and he was obliged to fly to his own estates in Suffolk. As he was trying to escape to France, he was taken prisoner by some of his enemies, and cruelly murdered on the sands.

This savage murder roused all the bad passions of the people. A man named **Cade** collected an immense mob, and gave battle to the king's troops, whom he defeated ; and then he marched to Blackheath, insisting upon seeing the king himself, who fled to Kenilworth with the queen.

II.—THE WARS OF THE ROSES. (1453-71.)

It was just about this time that there was a famous dispute between Lord Somerset and Lord Warwick in the Temple Gardens, in London, about which had the most right to be king, Henry, or Richard Duke of York, who was the great-grandson of Edward III. Somerset was another great-grandson of Edward III., his grandfather being John of Gaunt, and he was a great favourite both with Henry and Margaret. He was very hot-

tempered ; and when he found that Warwick would not agree with him, he hastily gathered a red rose from a rose-tree that stood near, and cried out, "Whoever is for Henry of Lancaster, let him wear a red rose !" and he stuck it in his cap as the badge of the House of Lancaster. Warwick directly gathered a white rose, as the badge of



The "Rose" Bushes in Old Temple Garden.

the House of York ; all the gentlemen who followed him did the same ; and rosettes of red and white ribbon, or red and white paper, were very soon made, and worn by everybody all over England. This was the beginning of the Wars of the Roses, in which more blood was shed than can easily be reckoned.

The Duke of York gathered an army to fight against Henry; but soon after, leaving his men, he came to defend himself before the king, and to accuse Lord Somerset. This nobleman, who he thought was in the Tower, was hidden by Queen Margaret behind the arras, or tapestry; and when he heard the duke accusing him, he rushed out, and began abusing him violently. The puzzled king, who did not know he was there, sat quite amazed, without speaking a word, till the queen sent in some soldiers and arrested the Duke of York.

Besides Somerset, there was another great noble who took the king's part in these sad quarrels. This was old Talbot, the brave Earl of Shrewsbury, whose name was used, in the wars with France, to stop the French babies from crying, just as the Saracen mothers had used Richard Cœur-de-Lion's name, some centuries before, in the Holy Land.

This brave old nobleman, whom the queen called "our good dogge,"* was killed about this time in Guienne; and as he was very clever and accomplished, besides being such a brave and faithful friend, Margaret was very unhappy at his death.

The queen had now very few friends left, just when she wanted them most. The poor king was seized with a sad illness, which deprived him of his senses, so that sometimes he was like a baby, and could not speak or move. When he came to himself, he went to church to return thanks. They told him that, during his illness, a son had been born to him, and that they had named him Edward. When he heard this, the poor king was delighted, and he thanked God and said, *he was at charity with all the world, and he much wished all the lords were.*

But by the birth of this son, the Duke of York, who had been Protector during Henry's illness, lost his chance of being king; and when Somerset was put into power again, he took up arms against him.

* A Talbot, or *tyke*, was a large kind of deer-hound, and was the badge of the Earls of Shrewsbury.

A great battle was fought at St. Alban's, in which Somerset was slain and King Henry was made prisoner. Soon after this, the king took ill again, and York was made Protector a second time.

But one day when Parliament was sitting, Henry went into the House of Lords, and said, that as he was now quite recovered, he would rule again for himself ; and he begged of them to declare that the Duke of York was no longer Protector of the kingdom.

The nobles were so astonished to see their king again, and to hear him speak with such firmness and dignity, that they did directly what he asked ; and Henry found himself again King of England.

About this time the King of France threatened to invade England ; and Margaret entreated the angry Yorkist nobles to make peace, that they might all fight against their common enemy. Henry wrote a beautiful letter to them himself, to urge them to peace ; and they came to meet him in London, with all their followers.

After a great many angry debates, peace was arranged ; and on the Feast of the Annunciation all the nobles walked in procession with the king to St. Paul's, to offer a solemn thanksgiving. The queen walked with the Duke of York ; and all the others walked hand in hand with those nobles who had been their most bitter enemies.

III.—RENEWAL OF THE WAR.

But unhappily this was only a show-reconciliation. The queen and Lord Warwick never could forgive each other ; and this sad hatred between Margaret and Warwick, the future King-maker, soon caused fresh bloodshed. Directly the conference was over, the great Yorkist leaders, York, Salisbury, and Warwick, went to collect an army ; and Margaret took the king and the prince through the midland counties, to show them to the

people to excite their interest. Every one loved Prince Edward, who was a most beautiful and valiant boy ; and he distributed little silver swans * to all who came to look at him. While they were in Staffordshire, there was a great battle won by the Yorkists at **Blore Heath**, and Margaret was forced to fly to Eccleshall Castle. But a little while after, the queen, who had now learned not only to fight, but to fight well, won a battle in her turn, and drove the Duke of York to Ireland. This was in the year 1459.

But the Red Rose was not destined to win many battles. Warwick, and his father the Earl of Salisbury, next year raised another army, and fought the queen at **Northampton**, where, as a chronicler says, "ten thousand tall Englishmen were slain, and King Henry, left all lonely and disconsolate, was taken prisoner." The Duke of Buckingham and the son of the "good dogge" Talbot were killed.

Margaret and the prince escaped to Harlech Castle, in Wales, where the Welsh people took every possible care of them ; and when she went away to Scotland, they sang a wild song called "Farwell iti Peggy ban," in remembrance of her going. The Welsh harpers still play this song in memory of the brave and unhappy queen, Margaret of Anjou.

The Duke of York carried Henry a prisoner to London ; and going in state to the House of Lords, he walked up to the throne, and laid his hand on it, expecting the lords to ask him to take possession of it as king ; but they said nothing. After a time, the dead silence was broken by some of them asking him to visit the king at his palace. York, who was disappointed by their cold silence, said angrily that no one had so good a right to be visited as himself. He made Henry send for the queen from Scotland ; and Margaret obeyed more quickly than the duke expected. She came like a lioness, with a gallant and devoted army, and appeared before the gates of York,

* The swan was the crest of Edward III., his great-great-grand-father.

defying the duke to meet her in the field, and taunting him with being beaten by a woman. The duke was so angry at her taunts, that, in spite of all his friends could say, he would go out with an army much less than the queen's; and at **Wakefield** he lost a bloody battle, in which he himself and a great many of his followers were killed.

Everybody had by this time become fierce and savage; and at the battle of Wakefield such shocking things were done by Margaret's friends as make one shudder to read of. After the battle, Lord Clifford met an old priest flying across the fields, with a very handsome boy, who was beautifully dressed. Clifford asked the boy who he was; and the priest answered that he was Lord Rutland, the Duke of York's second son. "Then," said the fierce Clifford, "as thy father slew mine, so will I slay thee and all thy kin!" and he stabbed him to the heart with his dagger, and bade the old priest go and tell his mother what had happened to her son. The next thing Clifford did was to cut off the Duke of York's head, and stick it on a lance with a paper crown upon it. When he had done this, he took it to Margaret with these words: "Madam, your war is done; here is your king's ransom."

Margaret shuddered when she saw the bleeding and ghastly head of her enemy, and turned away her head. But war and bloodshed make the gentlest and kindest natures cruel; and when the Lancastrian nobles begged of her to look at the head of him who had so dishonoured her husband and her son, she looked and laughed at it, as they did, and then ordered them to stick it over the gates of York upon a spear.

Margaret set out for London after the battle of Wakefield, and won another battle at **St. Alban's** (1461); after which, to her great joy, she rejoined the poor king, who embraced her and the prince with transports of delight, for he never expected to see them again. If Margaret had controlled her passions then, and gone directly with calmness to London, these sad wars might have been ended, and Henry might have died King of England.

But she was angry and indignant with the citizens of London, and she allowed her fierce northern soldiers to plunder and ravage all the country round St. Alban's in revenge.

They were so angry at this, in their turn, that they would not let her enter London, and she was obliged to retire to the north again. As soon as she was gone, Edward, the young Duke of York, with Warwick, took possession of London; and from that moment Edward was proclaimed king as Edward IV., and Henry VI.'s reign was ended.

IV.—EDWARD IV.—THE END OF THE WAR.

Queen Margaret seemed only to grow braver and more resolute as her misfortunes increased. She fled to the north, and raised another large army. **Edward IV.** hastened after her, and a great battle was fought at **Towton**, which was the bloodiest of all the bloody battles that were fought in the wars of the Roses. Half of the Lancastrians remained dead on the field, and Edward was fixed more firmly on the throne.

Margaret then sailed to France, and asked King Louis to lend her some money; and when she came back she raised another army. The good king had been hiding himself all the winter in the caves and woods of the north of England, and was often nearly starved with hunger and cold.

The Yorkists beat Margaret again at **Hexham**; and again the good King Henry was forced to fly, and to hide in Lancashire. Margaret and the prince escaped; but as they were riding through the forests, they met a party of robbers, who robbed them of their rings and collars, and everything valuable that they had. When they had taken their prize they began to quarrel about dividing it; and while they were quarrelling, Margaret seized the prince by the hand, and ran away into the forest as fast she

could, and they could not catch her. But as they were running, they met another robber, who looked fiercer and stronger than those they had left; and Margaret knelt down at his feet, and asked him to save the Prince of Wales.

The robber was a kind-hearted man; and he took



At Towton—A Fight between the White and Red Rose.

Margaret and the prince to his cave, and gave them food and money to get to the Lancastrian camp.

The queen then determined to fly to Flanders; and after a great many dangers and adventures, she and the prince, with Dr. Morton, who was afterwards the Cardinal Archbishop of York, arrived at St. Pol, where her

oldest enemy, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, treated her with the greatest kindness and generosity. She then went on to her father's court.

In the mean time the patient king was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, who were base enough to lead him into London as if he had been a thief or a murderer. He bore all their insults and taunts with the patience of a martyr; and they seemed only to fix his meek soul more firmly upon God.

Just when all hope seemed to be quite lost for the Red Rose, Warwick was accused of favouring Margaret; and as he would not obey the king and defend himself, he fled to France. All the Lancastrians then thought it was a good opportunity to make peace between him and Margaret; and this great baron, who played so extraordinary a part in the Rose wars, was invited to King René's court.

The end of the discussions and disputes was, that Warwick agreed to bring an army to help young **Edward**, and that the prince was betrothed to Warwick's daughter, the **Lady Anne Neville**.

It was a strange sight at Amboise on the day of that betrothing. For twenty years Warwick had been striving with his whole strength to rob Henry of his crown; and from the time of the Duke of Suffolk's murder, he had always shown the most bitter hatred to the queen. But now they stood together, side by side, before the altar, with Louis XI., and good King René and his queen, and all the banished Lancastrian lords; and the princely Edward and Lady Anne plighted their troth together in the presence of this strange assembly.

Warwick kept his word with Prince Edward. This time the "King-maker" did not change. While Edward IV. was, as usual, feasting and dancing, he heard that Warwick had returned, with the queen and prince, to England, and was marching with a large army against him.

The two forces met on **Barnet** Heath; but now even the King-maker's presence failed to bring triumph to the

Red Rose. Poor King Henry was taken again ; and the great Earl of Warwick himself was killed.

The unhappy queen fainted when she heard the sad news, and fled to Beaulieu Abbey. But the fiery young Somerset, and some other lords, went to her, and said they had another army to do battle in her cause.



Tower of London.

This, which was Queen Margaret's only army, met King Edward at **Tewkesbury** ; and there, after her last most bloody battle, the unhappy queen and her brave son were taken prisoners, and carried to the king's camp. When they were brought before him, he asked the prince how he dared come to England against him ;

and the fearless young Plantagenet replied, "To recover my father's crown and my own inheritance."

At this answer the savage king brutally struck him on the face with his steel glove, or gauntlet; and the lords who stood round him stabbed the brave boy with their daggers. Some say that the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence were the first to strike him.

The unhappy Margaret burst out into the most frantic expressions of rage and sorrow; and Edward cruelly revenged himself by making her go in procession with the poor young Princess of Wales into London, where he lodged them both in the Tower.

That very same night he did a blacker deed still. The holy and gentle King Henry was put to death in the Tower by the Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother. He had been a solitary prisoner there for five years; and his only companions were a few learned books and a bird. In this captivity he composed some touching lines, a few of which are written down here :

"Kingdoms are but cares ;
State is devoid of stay ;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Who meaneth to remove the rocks
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood."

The body of the saintly king was carried to St. Paul's through Cheapside, upon an open bier; and "there the silent witness of his blood, that welled from his fresh wounds upon the pavement," cried out against his foul murderers.

That same evening the bloody hearse was put into a barge and carried up the Thames to Chertsey Abbey, where the king was silently buried.

V.—DEATH OF WARWICK AT BARNET.

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brow, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Shakespeare.

VI.—CAXTON AND PRINTING.

The unhappy Queen Margaret went back to her good father's court, where sorrow worked such a change in her, that from being one of the most beautiful princesses in the world, she became quite dreadful to look at. She died when she was fifty-one years old, and was buried in the cathedral at Angers, where, until the French Revolution, the canons chanted in procession every year round her tomb.

And now, when the long and bloody wars of the Roses were ended, the great feudal barons found that their strength was for ever departed. Most of the great

families had lost their heads ; many had altogether died out ; and many were exiled, or had their estates confiscated. The king no longer stood in fear of his nobles ; he could trample under foot the Charters they had won, and make laws, and levy taxes at his own goodwill and pleasure.

There is very little more to say about Edward IV. He was very handsome and merry, and was fond of fighting, and fine shows, and eating and drinking. He was clever, and had a warm and affectionate heart ; but he gave himself up so entirely to pleasure that he never did his duty as a king.

The most important event in this reign was the introduction of printing into England. Up to this time all the books had to be written by hand, or, as we say, in manuscript ; and the labour of copying was so great, that copies were scarce, and few persons ever learnt to read.

But about this time some clever men in Germany discovered the art of printing. An Englishman named **William Caxton**, who had lived for some time in Germany, learnt the new art, and brought it into England.

He set up his printing press in the Almonry at Westminster, one of the little chapels belonging to the abbey, and soon published the first book ever printed in England, called "The Game of Chess."

For seventeen years after this, Caxton kept on translating and printing and publishing books, and before he died, a great many had learnt to read, and the poems of Chaucer, and other old English books, were already in the hands of the people.

Edward had two brothers, George Duke of Clarence, and Richard Duke of Gloucester. Clarence was foolish and vain, and Gloucester crafty, deceitful, and wicked. While Edward was enjoying himself, he let this bad duke do as he pleased ; and he persuaded the king to do very cruel actions. One of them was to send the Duke of Clarence to the Tower, where it is said he was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. It is not quite certain whether he was drowned in it or not ; but Clarence was

very fond of drinking; and the Duke of Gloucester had a butt of Malmsey taken into his room, where it is most probable that Clarence drank till he killed himself.

In the prime of life Edward IV. died;* for he had eaten and drunk and amused himself so much that he had no more strength left.



Caxton's House at Westminster.

VII.—RICHARD III.—THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES.

Edward IV. had two little sons, Edward the Prince of Wales, who now became Edward V., and the little Duke of York, who was only eleven years old. **Edward V.** was

* He was in his forty-first year.

a very handsome and spirited boy, who was brought up by his uncle, the good Lord Rivers, in Wales; but as soon as his father died, his other uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, said that he must be brought to London. Lord Rivers was very sorry to let him go, for he distrusted the duke; but he was obliged to send him. The duke, who, as he was humpbacked, was always called Crookbacked Richard, next pretended that the little king wanted a playfellow; and he sent the Archbishop of Canterbury to Westminster Abbey to ask the queen to send the Duke of York to be with him; for Elizabeth had fled to the sanctuary there, for fear of Crookbacked Richard.

When the archbishop came, the poor queen said that she thought some other boy might be found to play with Edward; and that she much feared to send the Duke of York to his cruel uncle. When the archbishop urged her to trust the lord protector, she said she would trust *him* (the archbishop), and that she would give up her son. But she cried very much, and kissed him a great many times; and they led the poor little duke away, crying too so bitterly, that every one had tears in their eyes who looked on at this sad sight.

When Crookbacked Richard had lodged both his nephews safely in the Tower, he next accused the good Lord Rivers of rebellion; and, before he could defend himself, he had him put to death at Pontefract Castle. Then he called a council at the Tower, and said that Edward V. should be crowned. But he only pretended this, to find out if he could safely declare himself king. One day, while the council was sitting, Richard came in very angrily, and said he had found out that a great many traitors were trying to take away his life, and asked what they deserved. "*If* they have done so," replied Lord Hastings, "they deserve death." "*If*! Dost thou answer me with *ifs*?" shouted out Gloucester; "by St. Paul, I will not dine till thy head is off!"

And he sent for his soldiers directly, and they took Lord Hastings down to the courtyard, and chopped off his head upon a block which they found there.

Crookbacked Richard had long been wishing to get rid of this good Lord Hastings, who was one of Edward's chief friends ; and now he was dead, he set about another and a still blacker murder.

He went away to his castle in Yorkshire, and ordered Sir James Tyrrell to go to London, and murder the young princes in the Tower. Sir James went to the governor



The "Bloody Tower."

of the Tower, Sir Robert Brakenbury, and asked him to help him. Sir Robert said he would have nothing to do with such a shocking deed ; but he gave up to Sir James his keys. Sir James then sent his own groom, Dighton, and another ruffian named Forest, to the king's room, where the two innocent boys lay asleep in bed. One of

the ruffians was softened at the sight, and said he could not bear to kill such pretty creatures ; but the other called him a coward ; so, as the princes lay, they covered them with the bedclothes and pillows till they were stifled and quite dead. They then went and fetched Sir James Tyrrell to look at them, who ordered them to be buried at the foot of the stairs, under a great heap of stones.*

Their wicked uncle was very glad when he heard of their murder ; but he ordered that they should be buried in consecrated ground. When some workmen were repairing part of the Record Office many years after, they found some bones under the stairs ; and as the Record Office had been the chapel of the Tower before the Reformation, every one knew at once that these were the bones of poor little Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York.



VIII.—THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD.

(1485.)

The wicked Hunchback was crowned, and was now **King Richard III.** He married the poor Princess of Wales, **Lady Anne Neville**, who hated him, but who was forced to marry him in spite of her aversion. Besides his wickedness, Richard must have been a monster of ugliness. He was born with teeth, and with a long bushy head of hair. One of his shoulders was much higher than the other, and both of them were up to his ears. He was always restless and impatient too, so that his rolling eyes were never still ; and he was always on the watch, thinking that some one was plotting mischief against him.

But though he was unkind to his wife, Richard was very fond of his son, whom he had had carefully educated, and upon whom he heaped all kinds of honours. This boy, for whom he had committed such dreadful

* The chamber in which the princes were murdered has ever since been called the "Bloody Tower."

crimes, died suddenly ; and Richard was distracted with grief.

Richard's reign was full of trouble. His greatest friend was the **Duke of Buckingham**, who was as proud and ambitious as himself, and who had helped him in all his wicked actions. When Richard was crowned, Buckingham envied him ; and from envying him, he began to plot against him ; and then Richard had him arrested and put to death.

The plots, however, still continued. They were all made in favour of **Henry Richmond**, whose mother was the great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt.* His father was a son of Katherine the Fair, the widow of Henry V., who after the king's death had married a Welsh gentleman named **Owen Tudor**, and who was thus the founder of one of the most remarkable of the English lines of kings.

Although Buckingham was dead, Bishop Morton was still alive. He had fled to Flanders after Margaret of Anjou left England ; and there he wrote to Henry Richmond, and to Buckingham, and to the other English nobles who hated the crookbacked usurper Richard.

At last their plans were ready, and Richmond landed in Wales, when a number of gentlemen met him, and joined his army. When Richard heard of his coming, he was very much agitated. His eyes rolled more fiercely, and he never left off the secret armour which he had for a long time worn. But as he was very brave, he put the crown upon his head, over his helmet, and went with a great army to meet Henry, whom he found near Bosworth in Leicestershire.

The night before the battle of **Bosworth**, as Richard lay in his tent, his guilty conscience brought before him all the black crimes of his life. He went back in thought to the bloody battle of Tewkesbury, where he had been the first to stab the brave young Edward of Lancaster with his dagger ; he thought of the gentle, patient Henry, whom he had murdered in the Tower,

* Through her grandfather, John Duke of Somerset.

and perhaps the last parting words of that royal victim came back to his mind, probably a few short words of holy prayer, and a warning to himself. He thought then of the two innocent princes, whom he had so often promised to take care of, of the Duke of Clarence, of Lord Hastings, of Lord Rivers, and of Buckingham. All these he had murdered to gain that worthless golden circlet upon his helmet.

He thought then of the punishment of these dreadful crimes; and his remorse became so unbearable, that he started up, sobbing and crying out; and when his guards came in, they found him standing in the middle of his tent, pale and trembling, with his drawn sword in his hand. Such is the picture that Shakespeare paints for us of the hunchback Richard on the eve of Bosworth fight.

The next day his own nobles surrounded Richard in the battle, and overpowered him with wounds. But he died, as he had said he would, *with the crown upon his head and King of England.*

Sir William Stanley took the crown, and putting it on Richmond's head upon the field of battle, cried out, "Long live Henry VII.!" and all the soldiers saluted Henry Richmond as their king.

IX.—UNION OF THE ROSES.

TABLE OF TUDOR SOVEREIGNS.

	<i>Relation to last King.</i>	<i>Reign.</i>
Henry VII.	Fifth in descent from Edward III.	1485-1509.
Henry VIII.	Son	1509-1547.
Edward VI.	Son	1547-1553.
Mary I.	Sister	1553-1558.
Elizabeth.	Sister	1558-1603.

HENRY VII. was a very wise, cautious, and crafty king. He was quiet and calm in his manners, and had fair hair and grave blue eyes.

The first thing he did was wise. He knew that the nobles who had placed him on the throne might as easily dethrone him, if he allowed them to get too much power and to do as they pleased. He knew that although Richard was such a monster as a man, still he had been a very prudent and a very wise king, and had ruled the country extremely well. Great part of England, especially the north, was attached to him because he was of the House of York, and a Plantagenet; and the people were sorry that that great and splendid race of kings was come to an end.

Henry knew all this very well. He sent, therefore, to **Elizabeth**, Edward IV.'s daughter, and asked her to marry him; because, as she was the chief head of the White-Rose party, and as he was the chief head of the Red-Rose party, he knew that by marrying her the two parties would be joined, and that no one would think any more about the wars of the Roses.

And so he married Elizabeth, and there were great rejoicings and feasts all over the country; and when Henry had a little son born, the joy was greater still. The little prince was named Arthur, and he became a very clever boy.

Henry did one thing that was very cruel. The Duke of Clarence, whose death had been caused or contrived by Crookbacked Richard, had a son, who was made **Earl of Warwick**. He was a simple half-witted boy, who usually behaved more like a baby than anything else. But some of the English lords, who were still restless and dissatisfied, said that this poor boy should be king; and they were always making plots and disturbances about him.

First they thought he had been murdered, and they wanted to find out the truth; so they brought a poor boy from Ireland who was very like him, and they said he was Lord Warwick, and that he was the rightful heir to the crown. Some foolish people joined the friends of this boy, who was named **Lambert Simnel**, and gave Henry a good deal of trouble.

But he was soon taken prisoner; and when Henry

found that he was a harmless simple boy, he made him a turnspit in his kitchen, and afterwards a falconer, or a man who takes care of falcons for hawking.

But there was another pretender after Simnel, who gave Henry a great deal more trouble. This was a young man named **Perkin Warbeck**, a Fleming, who pretended



Perkin Warbeck in the Pillory.

to be the brother of Edward V.—that little Duke of York who was murdered in the Tower.

Perkin went to the Duchess of Burgundy, who was aunt to the real Duke of York, and said that he was her nephew. He was a very handsome, pleasing young man, and spoke very well. The duchess thought, or said she

thought, that he really was her nephew ; she called him the White Rose of England, and gave him some money and soldiers. He landed in England, and managed to get an army together to fight against Henry ; and he went to the Scottish court, where the king married him to his own cousin, Lady Catherine Gordon.

King Henry was sadly vexed by these disturbances, which lasted for seven years. But at last Perkin Warbeck was taken prisoner, put in the pillory, then sent to the Tower, and at last hanged at Tyburn.

It was then that Henry did the cruel action spoken of before. He thought there would be no peace as long as the Earl of Warwick lived ; so he brought the poor innocent child out of the Tower, where he had been a long time a melancholy prisoner, and had him put to death.

Perkin Warbeck's widow, poor Lady Catherine Gordon, was the only person who was sorry for his death. King Henry treated her very kindly. He sent for her to the court, where she lived a long time as one of Queen Elizabeth's ladies, and afterwards married an English gentleman.

Henry seems never to have been so happy after Lord Warwick's death. His beloved son Arthur, who was one of the most pious and learned princes that have ever lived, died suddenly ; and the good queen died too soon afterwards. Henry was very unhappy at her death, and it had a very bad effect upon his character : he became more reserved and crafty than ever, and grew very fond of money.

But although he had these great faults, Henry VII.'s reign was a very important one for England. He was always watching the nobles, and restraining their wars and disputes with one another ; and for this purpose, he forbade them to keep more than a certain number of retainers or soldiers. He encouraged them to spend their money in fine pageants and shows instead of on soldiers and armour ; and by these means, he changed by degrees the great feudal barons into temperate and use-

ful nobles, who supported the monarchy without being able to overpower it and put it in danger.

This change, and the steady improvement in the customs and constitution of the House of Commons, were the solid fruit of Henry VII.'s reign.

X—THE NEW LEARNING.

There was now peace, and time was no longer taken up in quarrelling and fighting. The English nobles and gentlemen began to think about learning. Magdalen College was just finished at Oxford; and Henry sent his nephews to the university to learn Latin and Greek. Now that there was time to think about these things, it was found that the English gentlemen were much more ignorant than the scholars of other universities, and every one was ashamed to discover how little Greek was known in England.

There was one very learned man, whom we shall hear more about by and by. His name was **Sir Thomas More**; and he was one of the wisest and cleverest, as well as the most pious, men of his time. He understood Greek very well; and he wrote a great many books, and often asked some learned friends from other countries to come and see him. Among these was **Erasmus**, a Dutch gentleman, and a very famous scholar.

There were two other great scholars besides: **Dean Colet**, who was Dean of St. Paul's, and **Thomas Linacre**, a physician, who went to Italy to study. When he came back, he went to teach Greek at Oxford, and he soon had a great many good scholars of his own.

He was tutor to Prince Arthur as long as the prince lived, and built the College of Physicians in London. All these learned men did a great deal of good.

The art of printing was a great help to these learned

men. After the great printer Caxton, there were a good many other ingenious printers; and they helped to print the learned books which had been kept with such care in the monasteries, but which the nobles had been, for the most part, too ignorant to care for, and too busy to think about.

Besides learning Latin and Greek, there were a great many things for the English gentlemen to think about. Larger ships were built; and some daring and brave men began to make longer voyages. Christopher Columbus came to Henry, and asked him to give him some ships to discover a new world, which, he said, he was sure was in the Western Ocean.

Henry was too avaricious to give him any money; he therefore lost the great kingdom which he might have gained; for Columbus sailed soon afterwards from Spain, and discovered America. Henry was very sorry then that he had not listened to Columbus; and he sent another brave sailor, named Sebastian Cabot, an Italian, to Newfoundland and Florida. A number of strange plants and birds were afterwards brought to England, among which were potatoes and turkeys.

Henry sent for some good sculptors and painters from Italy, to teach the English painting and sculpture by showing them good models. His own monument, as well as Queen Elizabeth's, was made by one of these, named Torregiano. It is in the beautiful chapel which Henry built in Westminster Abbey—still called Henry VII.'s Chapel—which is a very rich example of that kind of Gothic architecture called Tudor, from being adopted when the Tudors became kings of England.

At last Henry VII. fell very sick. He was twenty-seven hours in his death-agony, and suffered very much. He had taken a great deal of money unjustly from his subjects, and they did not love him. He was so reserved and crafty, that no one ever knew what he really thought, or what he was going to do; and for this reason very few even of the nobles cared for him.

Henry VII. was buried in Westminster Abbey, in

his own beautiful chapel, and the magnificent monument of Torregiano was raised over the first Tudor king of England.

It will be well to understand the characteristics of the different races of our kings, not only for the interest we take in the kings themselves, but because each race has had a different influence on our country, and has given a distinct character to the people.

Henry VII. had *finished* the work which the Wars of the Roses had begun, of weakening the power of the nobles. He had *begun* another work, which afterwards, under another line, brought about another dreadful civil war,—that is, the increasing and strengthening the power of the monarchy; which afterwards became unjust and oppressive in its turn, just as the power of the nobles or aristocracy had been unjust and oppressive under the Norman kings.

XI.—CARDINAL WOLSEY. (1471-1530.)

Henry VII. had another son a little younger than Arthur, whose name was Henry; and he had two daughters: Mary, who married Louis XII., the King of France, and Margaret, who married the King of Scotland. Henry became king after his father's death.

Henry VIII. began his reign with every prospect of doing a great deal of good to England. He was very much beloved by the people for his frank noble-looking face and kind manners.

Henry married his brother Arthur's widow, **Katherine of Arragon**, about whom something must be said. Katherine was the daughter of the greatest and best of all the sovereigns of Spain, Ferdinand of Castile, and Isabel of Arragon, and was born and brought up

in that romantic and lovely land in the enchanting Moorish palace of the Alhambra. It must have seemed very sad to her to come to England, where the people were so rude and barbarous, and thought of nothing but fighting, and childish pageants, which often ended in rough blows.

Katherine had several sons, but they all died ; and only one daughter remained alive. Henry was very much disappointed at this ; and he became less kind to Katherine, and he did not lead so good a life as he had done. The queen, who was extremely good and sensible, behaved with the greatest sweetness and kindness to him, and continued to attend to all her religious duties and to her studies, in which she took great delight.

But after some time, Henry grew more and more passionate and capricious ; and he at last determined to get rid of Katherine altogether, that he might marry a beautiful young lady named Anne Boleyn. He asked all his ministers and the clergy of England, and wrote to consult the Pope about this divorce ; for he made out that his conscience was always in trouble about marrying his brother's widow.

Henry's favourite minister at that time was **Cardinal Wolsey**. He was the son of a butcher at Ipswich ; but his talents were so great, that he had been sent to Oxford, where he made a wonderful advance in his studies. He was then ordained, and sent into the household of Bishop Fox, of Winchester, where the king saw him, and made him his almoner. Wolsey was very clever and agreeable ; and the king became so fond of him that he could do nothing without asking his advice. He made him first a bishop, then archbishop of York, and the Pope made him a cardinal. He had a great many houses and lands, and never went out without a grand train of servants and followers, all dressed in scarlet, with crosses, and banners, and great silver pillars.

Everything that Cardinal Wolsey did was magni-

ficent. He built the college of Christ Church at Oxford, which is one of the most beautiful buildings of its kind in the world. He built Hampton Court, a splendid palace, for himself; but when the king said to him one day rather angrily, "Why, this is almost a royal palace!" he replied, "It is then worthy of its royal owner;" and he made a present of it to the king. This showed that Wolsey was as quick-witted and politic as he was magnificent in his tastes; for he saw immediately that the king was rather jealous of his wealth.

Wolsey was chancellor as well as a cardinal and an archbishop. Notwithstanding all the load of business he had upon his hands, he constantly sat in the Lord Chancellor's court, and heard and decided lawsuits. Besides all this, Cardinal Wolsey always encouraged learning and the arts, and he established a number of the higher and finer kinds of trades.

It is now easy to understand why Henry should be so anxious to persuade Cardinal Wolsey to help him to marry Anne Boleyn.

The cardinal loved the king very much, and he loved his state and dignity too; and we cannot help seeing that he forgot for a time that his duty towards God was the first thing. He tried to help the king to send away the excellent Queen Katherine. All the courtiers in England were against her, because they were afraid of the king; but the people, who loved Katherine exceedingly, were very angry, and they said they would stone Henry if he sent her away.

The Pope sent a legate named Cardinal Campeggio to England, to see that the queen had fair play. When Cardinal Campeggio came, the cruel king prepared in great state a court in London; and he sat on one throne with his lawyers before him, and Queen Katherine sat on another throne with her lawyers by her; and the two cardinals, Wolsey and Campeggio, sat before them. Then the crier cried out, "Henry, king of England, come into court;" and Henry spoke first, about his

conscience and the trouble it gave him for marrying his brother's wife.

When he had done, the crier cried out, "Katherine, queen of England, come into court;" and then the noble and virtuous queen got up, and threw herself at the king's feet. She spoke very beautifully, and said that as she was a foreigner and a stranger, she hoped the king would take pity on her. She blamed Cardinal Wolsey very much, and spoke so indignantly to him that he was quite ashamed. When she had done speaking, she went away out of the court; and though the king called her back, she would not come.

But, although every one could see that there was no real reason for a divorce, King Henry VIII. sent away good Queen Katherine, and she went to live at Ampt-hill, near London. He would not let her see her little girl, nor go to see her himself. He wanted her to say that she was not his lawful wife, and she would not; and this made him very angry.

Cardinal Wolsey was afterwards so sorry for what he had done against the queen, that he would not help the king any longer; and then the king sent him away too, and banished him to Yorkshire, where he lived in his own diocese, and did a great deal of good. But the king was not satisfied with disgracing him, he wanted to kill him also; so he sent for him to London that he might cut off his head; and the cardinal set out directly to obey his master, whom he still loved.

But as he went along, he felt that his health was gone. Grief and trouble had broken-down that great and powerful spirit, which once seemed as if nothing was too great for it to master. When he got to Leicester, he went to the monastery; and at the gate, he said to the abbot, "Father abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you." He was laid in bed; and after receiving the last Sacraments, he died in great penitence.

Nearly the last words he said were to commend himself to the king, his royal master; and then he uttered



Henry VIII. dismissing Wolsey

those most true words, which will always be remembered : " Oh, if I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

Shakespeare, in one of his most beautiful historical plays, gives us an admirable picture of this great Cardinal, and of his feelings after his disgrace.

XII.—SIR THOMAS MORE. (1480-1535.)

When the Popes Julius II. and Leo X. were building St. Peter's at Rome, they wanted money very much to finish it with ; and as, formerly, indulgences had been granted to the faithful for fighting against the infidels, or for making pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre, they now granted them to all those who would help in this pious work. Accordingly a Dominican friar was sent to dispense these indulgences, and to receive the alms given for the building of St. Peter's. There had long been a kind of jealousy or rivalry between the Augustinian monks and the Dominican friars, which always leads to mischief. The vicar of the Augustinians in Germany employed one of his young monks to write against the manner in which the Dominicans were dispensing the indulgences ; and as this young monk was clever, ambitious, and very bold, he went a great deal further than his vicar told him, and wrote not only against the friars, but against indulgences too. The monk's name was Martin Luther.

He wrote a number of short propositions called *theses*, which he fastened to the door of the church at Wittenberg, and which were all intended to show that there were a great many abuses in the Church, and that the See of Rome was altogether wrong. Those who followed Luther, and believed the doctrines which he taught, came to be called Protestants.

Henry VIII. at first said he would defend the Church against Luther ; and he wrote a very clever book against his theses, for which the Pope gave him the title of Defender of the Faith, a title which has ever since been borne by his successors. But when, soon after, the Pope wrote to him, and told him to send away Anne Boleyn, and to live with Katherine again, he was furious, and vowed that he would be revenged. Wolsey's former secretary, Thomas Cromwell, then gave him the advice which separated England from the See of Rome. He asked the king why he obeyed the Pope ; and said that there might be a separate Church made in England, and that the king ought to be the head of it.

Henry listened to Thomas Cromwell and to his own evil passions. He sent to Cranmer, to propose to all the bishops that *he* should be supreme head of the Church in England, and ordered them to say so on pain of his displeasure.

Most of the bishops did as the king bade them. But one of them, however, refused to sign the proposal with indignation. This was the saintly Bishop Fisher, who had been Henry's tutor. Sir Thomas More would not sign the proposal either ; and as he was so wise and learned and good, that every one, not only in England, but in all Europe, looked up to him, Henry was very angry indeed. He ordered that Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More should be carried to prison.

Sir Thomas More was the son of one of the judges in the King's Bench ; and when he was quite a child he was taken into the household of Cardinal Morton.

The wise and sagacious cardinal was very fond of little More, who was a very graceful, accomplished, and witty child, besides being very pious and prudent. While yet a boy, he used to be very fond of acting in dramas and plays ; and his quickness and readiness of reply, and his true and original genius, showed what he would afterwards become. While as a page he waited on his master and the nobles who were with

him, the cardinal would often say, "Whoever lives to see it, will find this child a marvellous man."

It was a great advantage to a boy to be brought up in this way in a cardinal's household. In those days there were very few books and no newspapers at all; but in the conversations of the primate, his foreign connections, and the learned and distinguished men of the time, a great deal more could be learned than by the pert shallow writings of a later time.

More listened in modest silence to what he heard, behaving himself with the reverence and docility which the rank and dignity of the primate inspired; and he treasured up all that he had learned. When he was eighteen, the cardinal sent him to Oxford, where he studied with the greatest ardour. He wished very much to become a Franciscan monk, but his father told him that he must be a lawyer instead.

More was very sorry for this; but he obeyed his father. He left his dear Oxford, his Latin and Greek, and his learned tutor Grocyn, and went to be entered at Lincoln's Inn. All the time he was reading law, which is very hard work of itself, he fasted very rigorously, wore a hair-shirt, and slept on a bench. He used to go very often to hear his confessor (Dean Colet) preach, and to see the Carthusians, whom he loved very sincerely. The Charterhouse, in London, was then a Carthusian Abbey, and it was near there that More went to lodge.

When he had read for some time, he began to give lectures, and was very much pleased to see his old tutor Grocyn among the crowds who came to listen to him. As soon as More was known, every one wanted to engage him as their counsel. But, ready as he was to help them, he never would undertake what he thought was an unjust cause. If he thought it was unjust, he gave it up at once. He was most ready to help the poor and those who had no other friends; and he spent his time rather upon them than upon men who could have flattered and praised him.

After a while he married, and had a house at Chelsea, where he brought up his large family. He had several daughters, who were really learned, as he had a tutor for his little girls, who taught them Latin and Greek, so that they could read and write and speak both these languages. We see by this how much the English were improved in learning since Thomas Linacre's time. Sir Thomas used to study with his children, and often talk with them about their books; and at dinner, even, he had some pious or useful book read aloud, that no time might be wasted, or given to the appetite merely.

A great many learned friends used to come to the happy villa at Chelsea. Amongst them was Erasmus, the Dutch gentleman whom we spoke of before. King Henry himself often went there to see the wise and witty lawyer, and would walk about the garden with one arm round his neck.

XIII.—EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

But the quiet happy household was soon to be disturbed by the miseries of those sad times. When the king was trying every means he could think of to send away his good Queen Katherine, he wished very much to get Sir Thomas More to take his part; but Sir Thomas said that he had nothing to do with such matters, and he could not think of giving any opinion. This made the king very angry.

Cardinal Wolsey was angry too, because this question disturbed his ambitious plans, by which he hoped to be made Pope. His anger led to several circumstances which show us what a clever, witty man Sir Thomas was. One day, in the Privy Council, the cardinal proposed to have a high-constable in England; and because he proposed it, everybody else agreed to it except Sir Thomas, who spoke last. When his turn came, he

gave such good reasons against making this office, that the other noblemen agreed with him. The cardinal was very angry, and he asked Sir Thomas rudely how he could be such a fool as to set himself against all the wise men of the king's council. Sir Thomas More quietly replied, "Thanks be to God, that the king's majesty hath but one fool in his right honourable council!"

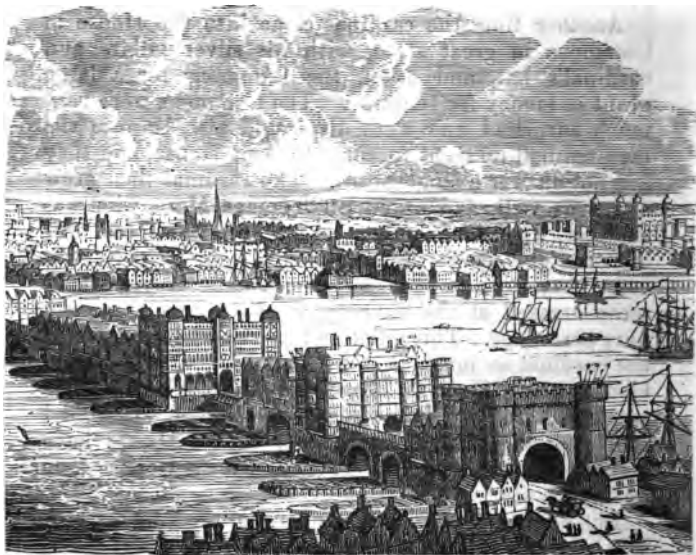
Another time the cardinal came into the House of Commons in great state, with his silver pillars and cardinal's hat, and asked the Commons for a large grant of money for the king. The Commons were very much surprised, and were displeased also, because the cardinal had no right to come to their House, and they did not answer a single word. The cardinal then grew angry as well, and asked Sir Thomas More, who was Speaker, what the members meant by their silence. Sir Thomas got up very politely, and said that he was sorry they were so rude, but he thought they must be quite amazed at the appearance of such an extraordinary personage. This quiet and sagacious answer vexed the cardinal so much that he said hastily, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker!" "Your grace not offended, so would I too," was the witty answer; "for then I should have seen an ancient and famous city, which I have long desired to see."

But neither the cardinal's anger, nor the king's, which was even much more terrible, made the slightest difference in Sir Thomas More. He knew the full value of honours and riches and pleasure, and he despised them all. When the king tried to flatter him into approving of his changed conduct towards the Pope and towards his queen, Sir Thomas stayed away from court; and when the king, in a fury, ordered him to be sent to prison, he went with a light heart, because he had a good and pure conscience.

In prison, Sir Thomas More was so badly treated, that he had no clothes to wear nor food to eat; and if

his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, had not brought him some food, he would have been starved. Margaret, who was very like her father, came every day to see him, and it was his greatest comfort to talk to her.

At last the king ordered Bishop Fisher to be put to death. The Pope had sent him a cardinal's hat; and



Old London Bridge. Human heads on the gateway.

when the savage king heard of it, he said, "Paul may send him a hat, but he shall have no head to wear it on;" and he had the good old bishop brought out and beheaded.

Sir Thomas More was to die next. When he was on the scaffold, he said he felt obliged now to declare, that the oath which the king wished the bishops and nobles

to take to him, as head of the Church, was unlawful and wrong; and he told the lords who had condemned him, that he hoped they would be like St. Paul, who first helped to stone St. Stephen, and then became converted.

The lords told him that the king had been so good as to allow him to be beheaded instead of being hanged; upon which he said, "May God preserve my friends from all such favours!" The executioner shed tears, and asked him to forgive him; and Sir Thomas smiled and said, "You will do me this day the greatest service; but I am afraid, as my neck is so short, you will gain little credit by me." He then knelt down, and said that he died a good Catholic, and a faithful subject to the king; and the executioner cut off his head, and stuck it upon a spike on London Bridge.

His true and loving daughter, Margaret Roper, came by night in a boat, and got the head of her dear dead father, and carried it home in her arms. She kept it till the day of her death, and then it was buried with her—as she had wished it should be—in the family grave at Canterbury.

XIV.—DESTRUCTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

(1535-9.)

The next thing the king did was to break up the monasteries and convents, seize upon their wealth, and turn the monks and nuns adrift upon the world.

The buildings and lands were either sold, or given to the king's favourites, or even lost to them at dice. Six new bishoprics were endowed out of the wealth taken from the abbeys, but most of the money was seized by the greedy king and his lords.

Henry had sent away Katherine, and had married Anne Boleyn; but he soon began to be tired of her. Then he accused her of doing some bad actions, and

sent her to prison, where she was beheaded; and her brother, Lord Rochford, who was a brave and noble gentleman, had his head cut off too. The very day poor Anne was executed, the cruel king married a lady named Jane Seymour.

She was not good, nor beautiful, nor clever; but she always did just as the king wished her, which made him like her better than any of his wives. But soon after her little son was born she died. Henry sent about everywhere to get a wife; and among other places, he sent to Germany for a picture of Anne, the sister of the Duke of Cleves. He liked the picture so much that he married her; but when she came to England she was not at all like her picture, and the king was so angry because she was ugly, that he sent her away, as he had sent Queen Katherine; and he married a young lady named Lady Katherine Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's niece. But before long she too was accused of wicked actions, and so she was put in prison. She was not allowed to be properly tried, nor even to speak; and her head was cut off like Anne Boleyn's.

After he had done this, the Bluebeard king sent all over Europe to get another wife. He asked an Italian lady to marry him, named Christina, the Duchess of Milan. She was a very witty lady, and she sent him word, "that if she had had two heads, she would perhaps marry him; but as she had only one, she was afraid." He married, at last, a widow lady named Katherine Parr, who was very learned and prudent, and who knew how to manage him. Katherine Parr was a Protestant; and she helped to bring up Jane Seymour's little son Edward, and Anne Boleyn's daughter Elizabeth, and their cousin Lady Jane Grey, to be Protestants too.

The Pope tried hard to bring England back to the old faith. He sent Cardinal Pole to Spain and France, to try to persuade Charles V. and Francis I. to invade England, and frighten Henry. But they were not to be persuaded. Henry was so enraged at his favourite, Reginald Pole, for undertaking this new service, that

he seized upon all his relations, and put them in prison, including Courtenay—Lord Devon—and his little son, and the noble cardinal's venerable mother, Margaret, the Countess of Salisbury.

It can scarcely be believed that the savage monarch had this noble old lady put to death, because she refused to exert her influence to induce her son to return to England. She was very old, and her hair was quite white; but she was full of energy and courage, like a true Plantagenet. When the executioner told her to lay her head on the block, she said that her head had never been a traitor, and that if they wanted it, they might take it as they could. The cruel executioner followed her about the scaffold striking at her with his axe till she died.

The last evil deeds of King Henry VIII. were to put the old Duke of Norfolk and his brave son, Lord Surrey, in prison. The old duke was one of the wisest and best ministers in the kingdom; and Lord Surrey was the handsomest and politest and bravest young nobleman of the time. He was very learned, and wrote some of the most beautiful poetry of that age.

Lord Surrey, who had committed no crime, was executed, but the old Duke of Norfolk was saved by the savage king's own death. Henry died, as might be expected, in great misery, sometimes raving out in wild despair, and sometimes sullen and stupefied. In his last agony he looked towards the door, and cried out with loud shrieks, "Monks! monks!"

King Henry's body was carried to Windsor to be buried; and on the way it rested for one night in the ruined abbey-church of Sion, which he had caused to be desecrated, and where he had imprisoned poor Katherine Howard. The leaden coffin burst with the weight of the enormous corpse, and the blood gushed out upon the pavement. While the plumber was soldering up the coffin, there appeared a dog suddenly under his feet, licking up the blood; and men then remembered Friar Peyto's prophecy, who, when Henry had hunted away

the Franciscan friars, had compared him to Achab, and had declared that the dogs should lick up his blood.



XV.—THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN. (1513.)

Henry VIII. went to war with France but gained little glory by it. The King of France stirred up the Scots against England, and King James IV. of Scotland marched over the border. The Earl of Surrey gave him battle at Flodden, where the Scots were utterly routed, and their king was left dead upon the field.

“ See ! look up,—on Flodden * bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent ;”
And sudden as he spoke,

* *Flodden Ridge*, an offshoot of the Cheviots, on which James IV. had posted his army.

From the sharp ridges of the hill
 All downward to the banks of Till *
 Was wreathed in sable smoke ;
 Volumed † and vast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war
 As down the hill they broke ;
 Nor martial shout nor minstrel tone
 Announced their march ; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.
 Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close—
 They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway and with lance's thrust :
 And such a yell was there
 Of sudden and portentous ‡ birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth
 And fiends in upper air.
 Long looked the anxious squires ; § their eye
 Could in the darkness naught descry.
 At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
 And first the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears ;
 And in the smoke the pennons || flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew ;
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war ;
 The plumed crests ¶ of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave :
 But naught distinct they see.

* *Till*, the river which Surrey crossed, so as to put himself between the Scots army and Scotland.

† *Volumed*, in great volumes, or heaps, of cloud.

‡ *Portentous*, full of portents or wonders.

§ *Squire*, or esquire, an attendant on a knight. One next to a knight in the order of chivalry. || *Pennons*, banners.

¶ *Plumed crests*, plumes or tufts of feathers worn on the helmet.

Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
 Spears shook, and falchions * flashed amain ;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

But as they left the darkening heath,
 More desperate grew the strife of death ;
 The English shafts † in volleys hailed,
 In headlong charge their horse assailed ;
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
 To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though bill-men ‡ ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring ;

The stubborn spearmen still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood
 The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight ;
 Linked in the serried phalanx § tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,

As fearlessly and well ;

Till utter Darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded king.
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shattered bands ;

And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain-waves from wasted lands
 Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know—
 Their king, their lords, their mightiest low ;

* *Falchions*, swords.

† *Shafts*, arrows.

‡ *Bill-men*, the men who fight with bill, a weapon half axe, half spear, having a sharp hook.

§ *Serried phalanx*, closely packed ranks.

They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong ;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield.

—*Sir W. Scott.*

XVI.—EDWARD VI.

As soon as Henry VIII. was dead, Jane Seymour's little boy became king, and he was called **Edward VI.** He was only nine years old, and was very weak and sickly. He was, like his mother, very fair, with bright eyes, and a mild and pleasant face. He was made to learn a great many lessons, and to study so much, that it was bad for his health. We have before said that the English gentlemen were very ignorant in the time of Henry VII. Now it was just the contrary ; and, as is common when people become ashamed of a thing, the English ran into the other extreme ; and everybody were now having their little boys and girls taught Latin and Greek. Edward was a clever boy, and had a very learned tutor named **Roger Ascham**, who taught him and his cousins, Lady Jane and Lady Katherine Grey. The Princess Mary was even more learned than any of

them ; and they all used to write Latin letters to the last of Henry's wives, Katherine Parr, who was very kind to them.

The little Edward was brought up a Protestant, and was prejudiced against all his Catholic subjects, even his own sister Mary. Besides Cranmer, there was some one else who helped to drive all the Catholics away from the poor little king, and deceive him into doing very



Old Somerset House.

cruel actions. This was his uncle, **Lord Somerset**, a daring bad man, who got himself made Lord Protector, and took all the power into his own hands. When he had done this, he built himself a grand house in London ; and he pulled down five fine old churches to get marble and beautiful stone to build it with, and took all the chalices and consecrated plate for himself. This house is standing in the Strand now, and is still always called **Somerset House**. In a little while, Lord Somerset got

the king to order his own brother, Lord Sudeley, who was High Admiral of England, and who had married Katherine Parr, to be put to death.

Somerset went to Scotland, to try to get the little Queen of Scotland to marry Edward VI. But her mother and uncles, who were strict Catholics, said that she should not marry a Protestant king; and they took her away to France, and betrothed her to the Dauphin, whom she afterwards married. When Somerset came back, everybody blamed him for having managed the king's affairs very badly; and Lord Warwick, who had got a great deal of power while Somerset was away, persuaded the weak little king to have Somerset's head cut off, as his brother's had been.

The people liked the Lord Protector for some things; because he had been kind to the poor, and had tried to get them work, and to make better laws about the commons and waste lands. When he was brought out to have his head cut off, there was a great bustle in the crowd, and the people thought he was going to be pardoned; so they cried out with loud shouts, "A pardon! a pardon!" Very soon, however, Somerset heard that it was a mistake, and that he was not pardoned. This disappointment made him turn pale for a little while; but he soon recovered, and laid his head down on the block and was killed.

But the country was not much better off afterwards, for Lord Warwick, who was made Duke of Northumberland, governed the king just as Somerset had done. The poor king began to be very ill too, and everybody knew that he would soon die. Northumberland was very much afraid of Mary, who he knew would punish his injustice; and he asked Edward to make a will, and leave his crown to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey. He went so often to ask this, that at last the poor little boy, whose mind was weakened by sickness, and was perhaps never very strong, did as the duke asked him, and made a will to say that Lady Jane should be queen when he was dead.

This was very wrong. Northumberland was wrong to ask it, for he did it from a bad motive of ambition; because his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, had married Lady Jane. But he pretended to Edward that it was his zeal for religion which made him wish to have a Protestant queen. It was very wrong of Edward to give way to Northumberland, because he knew that in England the king's crown does not belong to the king; it belongs to the constitution; and our constitution has settled that the crown shall always go to the lawful successor, and to no other. No single man has a right to alter the constitution. But Edward had been taught some very bad lessons by his ministers.

The Duke of Somerset and Archbishop Cranmer made many changes in the Church. They had the Prayer-book services altered, leaving out passages they did not approve; they had all images, tables, candles and pictures taken from the churches and destroyed; they ordered the English Bible to be read in the churches, and had a law passed to allow the clergy to marry.

The bishops who would not consent to these changes were deprived of their sees, and the priests who would not give up their old way of living, were either fined, or banished, or put to death.

This great change was called the **Reformation**, because it professed to put matters right with regard to religion.

XVII.—QUEEN MARY.

Soon after the young king had made his unjust will, he died; and Northumberland had Lady Jane Grey proclaimed queen.

The Duke of Northumberland thought that as Mary was only a woman, alone, and without any friends or soldiers with her, she would give up all hopes of the

crown which rightly belonged to her. He was very much mistaken.

As soon as she knew that the king was dead, Mary ordered her horse, and with her ladies and gentlemen, rode from Kenning Hall, which was the name of her house, to Framlingham Castle in Suffolk. It was forty miles from Kenning Hall, and they never once rested on the road; for Mary wanted to be within reach of the coast, that she might get to her cousin, Charles V., if her life was in danger.

A great many Catholic friends came to help Mary at Framlingham. Sir Henry Bedingfeld, Lord Edward Howard, the Jerninghams, and Pastons, all came round her, and she had soon an army of 30,000 men. With this army she marched to London, and sent for Elizabeth, who had always lived with her, and to whom she had been a true mother.

Elizabeth pretended to be sick, that she might wait and see who was likely to win the battle; but at last she thought it wisest to go to her sister; and they rode into London together. Mary was very slender and small, fair, but with beautiful bright dark eyes, which spoke all her thoughts. Elizabeth was tall and large, with blue eyes and beautiful hands, of which she was very vain. Great was the joy of London that day; Aldgate was hung with gay flags; the Minories and Leadenhall were swept, and strewed with clean gravel; and all the crafts in London stood on either side, dressed in their guild-dress, with banners in their hands. The lord-mayor and all his men, with the city-mace, were there; and Lord Arundel, with the sword of state, and a thousand gentlemen in velvet coats, walked before Mary, as she rode on a small white palfrey. As soon as the queen got inside the gate, she sent away all her guards, and with the greatest courage showed that she trusted herself altogether to the care of the good citizens of London.

When the queen got to the Tower, she saw something that made her very sad. On the green before St.

Peter's ad Vincula were all the prisoners whom Henry VIII. and Lord Somerset had sent to the Tower. There was Cardinal Pole's nephew, Edward Courtenay, who had been there ever since he was ten years old ; the poor old Duchess of Norfolk ; and the famous Bishop Gardiner, who had done so much to hinder Cranmer.

Mary burst into tears when she saw them. She kissed them all, and said, "You are my prisoners !" In a day or two they were all restored to their property and offices.

The guilty Duke of Northumberland was taken prisoner. When he found that Mary was really queen, he pretended to be very glad. He and several others were condemned to death, which they fully deserved ; but Mary was so merciful that she could scarcely be persuaded to sign his death-warrant, and she pardoned Lord Suffolk, Lady Jane Grey's father, directly.

Bishop Gardiner and the Spanish ambassador, who came to England from Charles V., persuaded her to let Lady Jane Grey be executed too. Every one was sorry for poor Lady Jane. She was only a girl of sixteen, very good and clever, who spent all her time in her studies, and who did not wish to be queen at all. But when she was asked she was not strong enough to refuse to do what was wrong, and she agreed to be crowned. Her head and Lord Guilford Dudley's head were cut off in the Tower, which was very sad indeed.

The Emperor Charles V. had proposed to Mary to marry his son, Philip II., the King of Spain, who was one of the most celebrated and sagacious kings of the time. The English were not glad of this ; for they were afraid that Philip would try to govern England himself, and bring in some of his Spanish notions of an absolute monarchy, which would alter their constitution. This made them debate a long time ; and the Parliament made Philip promise a great many things before they would agree to his marrying the queen.

Then the Parliament passed a bill, doing away with

all the changes which Henry VIII. and Edward VI. had made, and acknowledging the Pope's authority again. And King Philip came to England, and Bishop Gardiner married him and Queen Mary. King Philip was dressed always in black velvet, with the most beautiful jewels. He was very grave and polite; and he drank beer to please the English, always calling it "the wine of the country."

Soon after the queen's marriage, Cardinal Pole came back to England. Some English gentlemen had gone to Brussels to meet him; and when he came on shore, so many lords and bishops went to welcome him, that he had a train of 1800 people. He came by water to Westminster Bridge, with the legate's cross stuck at the prow of his barge.

Cranmer and other Protestant bishops who had supported Lady Jane Grey, and were now deprived of their sees, spoke and wrote violently against the doctrines of the Church of Rome. At last Mary was persuaded by her Council to have Bishops Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, put into prison, tried and condemned as heretics, and burnt to death at the stake.

When Bishop Gardiner died, all went on badly. The French king went to war with Mary, and the Duke of Guise took Calais from the English. When the English governor was marching out of the gates a Frenchman asked him when the English would come to France again. He answered, what looks like a prophecy, "When the crimes of your country shall be greater than ours." The next time the English soldiers landed in France was when the Duke of Wellington went to restore Louis XVIII. after the dreadful revolution.

Mary was so unhappy at losing Calais, that she said they would find the name "Calais" written on her heart after she was dead. She had been very ill a long long time, and had borne more pain than can be told. She spent all her time in her religious duties, in walking out to the cottages round Croydon, and giving the poor people clothes and money and physic. She was

very kind to all her ladies, and especially to her sister Elizabeth.

King Philip had gone away and left her. He did not behave altogether very kindly to Mary; but it is no wonder he did not like to stay in England, for the English behaved very rudely to him. When Queen Mary died, she left all her money to convents and hospitals, and to build schools. She had never spent any of her revenue foolishly, and had bestowed magnificent sums upon the wisest and most useful charities.

XVIII.—QUEEN ELIZABETH. (1558-1603.)

As soon as Queen Mary was dead, Elizabeth became queen. Among the statesmen who, with Northumberland, had proclaimed Lady Jane Grey queen was a gentleman named Sir William Cecil, a tailor's son, who was very clever and crafty.

As soon as Mary had died, Sir William Cecil set off to Hatfield, where Elizabeth was, and offered her his services; and as Elizabeth knew how shrewd and ready he was, she was glad to see him, and they talked together a great deal. Elizabeth was very shrewd herself; and, with Sir William Cecil's advice, she planned a great many changes in religion.

The Archbishop of York, Dr. Heath, was told to send the queen the Great Seal and his title of Lord-keeper; and then the queen sent for all the bishops, one after another, and told them to acknowledge her as head of the Church. They refused to do this, and they were all sent to prison. Only one bishop consented; this was Dr. Kitchin, the Bishop of Llandaff. The Protestant bishops were then sent for from Germany and Switzerland, and put into the other bishops' sees.

All, therefore, that Mary and Cardinal Pole had done was soon swept away. Mass was forbidden, and the

Common Prayer-book was ordered to be used in every parish. The altars were pulled down again and sold.

It has been said in another chapter that the queen was tall and fair and graceful. She was very clever and ready in speaking, especially in giving sharp and witty answers; and she pleased the people by listening to them all, whether they were poor or rich, with the same attention. She *acted* very well too, sometimes smiling, and sometimes sighing, and sometimes turning up her eyes to heaven, and clasping her hands. Indeed, it is difficult to hear of any one who was so clever at pleasing people, when she chose, as Queen Elizabeth. She was very vain of her beauty, though she was not really beautiful; and liked to be told by everybody that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. The people wanted her very much to marry; and one prince after another asked her to marry him. First came Philip, king of Spain, who thought he could make England Catholic again; but Elizabeth would not have him. Then came Eric, of Sweden, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, and the Count of Anjou, and his brother the Duke of Alençon. Besides these, a great many English noblemen tried to marry Elizabeth,—some because they wanted to get power, and some because they really loved her. The chief of these were the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Sussex, Robert Dudley the Earl of Leicester, and the Earl of Essex. Elizabeth would not marry any of them. She said she was determined never to marry at all, and she kept her word; though she behaved to each of these gentlemen just as if she really intended to be his wife. In the end, indeed, she behaved so badly, that it would have been much better if she had married any one of them. But she was too proud and ambitious to obey anybody. She delighted in being looked at and waited upon and flattered so much, that she never could bear to submit to a husband.

Elizabeth became so accustomed to spend money upon dress and jewels, that her court might be very

splendid, that there was soon no money left in the royal treasury. She had a new dress every day, and all her gowns were covered with pearls and rubies and diamonds. She wore pearls and diamonds in her red frizzly hair, and pearls and diamonds round her waist, round her cloak, on her gloves, and even on her shoes. When she rode out she had riding-dresses of purple velvet and silks, and strings of jewels round her waist and in her hat. Every time she went out, some of this wonderful finery was lost, and she had to buy more. She made all her noblemen and gentlemen and soldiers, and even her milliners and cooks and washerwomen, give her presents; so that at last, besides all the fine furniture and plate and jewels in her palace, she had three thousand gowns in her wardrobe, and one thousand wigs of red curly hair.

XIX—ELIZABETH'S COURT.

We must now hear about some of Elizabeth's ministers and other celebrated men who lived at this time. Sir William Cecil was made Lord Burleigh; and he stayed with the queen as her prime minister till he was quite old, and died. As he grew older, he grew more and more clever and cunning and careful, till he became one of the craftiest statesmen in the world. He was always making plans and schemes, either against the poor Queen of Scotland, whom he hated, or against the Kings of France and Spain, or against the Catholic lords at home. He promised all kinds of things, and always broke his promises, and deceived everybody who ever had any dealings with him, except Elizabeth herself. She prized him very much: when he had the gout, she never let him stand up; and when he was very old and dying, she went to see him, and gave him his broth and medicine with her own hands.

The grey-headed old statesman wrote to his son after

this "to serve the queen, for that every other service was the service of Satan."

Another clever minister was named Walsingham, and he was almost as famous as Lord Burleigh for deceiving people. Besides these, there was the great Lord Bacon, the chancellor, who wrote some of the most extraordinary books on science that are known. He seems to have known almost everything that men do and think and feel. He was very learned in mathematics and natural philosophy; and it was he who first divided geology, chemistry, and the other physical sciences, into classes.

Two of the greatest of all the English poets lived in Elizabeth's reign, Shakespeare and Spenser. Shakespeare's name is known to every one. He wrote beautiful plays, which Elizabeth, who was very clever, delighted to hear; and she kept Shakespeare at court, and gave him money and jewels for writing his beautiful plays. Spenser wrote a long poem called the *Faery Queen*, in which he calls Elizabeth Gloriana, and praises her very much.

Lord Leicester was Elizabeth's great favourite among all her nobles. He was tall and handsome, and very clever; and he knew very well how to deceive. He asked the queen once to go and see him at Kenilworth Castle, where he lived; and there he entertained her and all her court, for twelve days, with the most splendid shows and games. This bad man had a poor wife, whom he sent to live in a lonely house in Berkshire, that nobody might think he was married. She died there by a frightful accident; and most people say that Leicester had her killed.

There was one gentleman at Elizabeth's court who was merry and pleasant and handsome, and brave and good and pious also. His name was Sir Philip Sidney. He wrote beautiful books in poetry, and prose too, and was one of the most accomplished men and bravest soldiers that ever lived. He might have been King of Poland;* but Elizabeth said she could not spare him,

* He was elected by the Diet of that country.

for he was the brightest jewel in her crown. When Sir Philip heard this, he said that he would rather be Elizabeth's subject than the king of any kingdom in the world.

Sir Philip Sidney was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in Holland. Just before he died, he was in an agony of thirst from his wounds, and he begged for a cup of water. The cup was brought to him; and just as he was going to drink eagerly, he saw a poor dying soldier look at the water with longing eyes, but he dared not ask for it. "Poor fellow!" the generous Sir Philip said, "he wants it more than I do;" and he took the cup from his own lips and gave it to the soldier, and soon after this died of the pain of his wounds. It is a pity that there were not more gentlemen at Elizabeth's court like Sir Philip Sidney.

Another very brave gentleman at Elizabeth's court was named Sir Walter Raleigh. He was walking out one day, with a number of her courtiers, behind Elizabeth, and they came to a very muddy place in the road. Elizabeth did not like wetting her feet, and was going to turn back, much against her will; for she did not like anything to interrupt her. Sir Walter saw that she was not pleased, and he very quickly unfastened his new purple plush cloak, and spread it over the mud, so that the queen stepped on the cloak, and crossed over to a clean path. She was so much pleased at this chivalrous attention, that she always liked Sir Walter afterwards, and made him one of her admirals. Sir Walter made such good use of his favour that he was always asking for money and offices; and one day the queen said to him pettishly, "I wonder, Sir Walter, when you will leave off being a beggar." He answered very cleverly, "When your majesty leaves off being my benefactor."

Another day, as he stood near a window, rapt in thought—his mind full of ambitious plans,—he wrote on the glass with his diamond ring:

"I fain would climb, but that I fear to fall."

And when the queen saw it, she wrote under it :

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

Sir Walter Raleigh was a writer both of prose and poetry, and a sailor as well as a courtier. He went to America, and found out all kinds of new plants and



"I fain would climb, but that I fear to fall."

vegetables, and brought them home. Among the rest, he brought potatoes and tobacco. No one in England had then ever heard of such a thing as smoking a pipe; and one evening, as Sir Walter was smoking in his study, his servant took in a great jug of ale. When he saw the clouds of smoke coming out of his master's mouth,

he thought he was on fire, and was so frightened that he threw all the jug of ale in his face. This was afterwards a great joke against Sir Walter Raleigh. He planted his potatoes first at Youghal in Ireland.

There were some other great admirals, too, besides Sir Walter. One was named Admiral Drake; and he sailed round the world, and found out all kinds of curious things, and took a number of Spanish ships, with all their gold and silver cargoes. When he came home, the queen went to dine with him on board his ship. She looked at all the strange birds and things he had brought home, and liked them very much. But what she liked best was the gold and silver plate which Admiral Drake gave her. Elizabeth knighted the admiral, and he became Sir Francis Drake.

Another clever admiral was named Sir John Hawkins. Elizabeth was fond of him, but no one else can like him at all; for he was the first Englishman who ever bought slaves and sold them to other countries. Elizabeth herself encouraged him in this wicked trade, for she liked everything that gained money.

Another great admiral was Sir Martin Frobisher, who sailed to North America, and discovered Hudson Bay, and all the country round it.

The last gentleman we can speak of was Sir Christopher Hatton. He danced so well at a ball at Lincoln's Inn, that Elizabeth took a great fancy to him; for she liked to see tall and well-made people. She sent for Sir Christopher to court, and at last made him Lord Chancellor, which offended all the lawyers very much. However, Sir Christopher turned out to be a wise man; and he did a great deal of good in the queen's council; so the lawyers forgave Elizabeth for choosing a dancing chancellor.

Elizabeth liked to have all these gentlemen round her, that she might hear very often how beautiful and clever she was, and what a splendid court she kept. She was very kind to them, and spoke to them about their concerns, and visited them at their houses, so that

she made friends with them all. But if they offended her, and especially if they married, she was in a violent passion. She swore at them dreadfully, sent them away from court, and never employed them again.

XX.—MARY STUART. (1542–87.)

It was said, a few chapters since,* that the Protector Somerset went to Scotland to ask the little Queen of Scotland to marry Edward VI.; and that she was taken away to France, and married to the Dauphin. The Dauphin became King of France, and was named Francis II.; and his queen grew up to be one of the most beautiful and charming ladies in the world.

She was brought up by Catherine de Medici, who taught her all kinds of accomplishments; above all, she had her taught to be a firm and zealous Catholic, and devoted to her religion. Francis II. soon died; and then Queen Mary thought she had better go back and govern her own country; so that she is always called **Mary Queen of Scots**. This was in the year 1561.

When Mary was sailing away from France, she looked back at the shore, and burst into tears; and she stayed looking at the dear land till she could see it no longer. It seemed as if she felt beforehand how much sorrow and trouble she would have in her own country.

When she got to Scotland, she found all the nobles at Leith ready to meet her: and when they saw how good and kind and beautiful she looked, they burst out into loud shouts, and carried her in triumph to Edinburgh. But very soon they began to be displeased with her, because she had brought some priests with her, and because they said Mass. Scotland had made greater changes in religion even than England. The

* See Reign of Edward VI.

stern Calvinist, **John Knox**, had preached so much against popery and altars and stained glass and images, that the people had pulled down most of the fine old churches, and broken the stained glass and carving.



Queen Mary, on board ship, bids farewell to France.

When they found that Mary was determined not to send away her priests, and to hear Mass, and to restore, if she could, her own faith, the people were quite enraged. They abused their young and beautiful queen in the vilest terms, and made riots against her. This made Mary very sad. After a while she married **Lord**

Darnley, who was her cousin ; and at first they were very happy, and they had a little son named James ; and the people were pleased at having a prince of Scotland.

But Darnley was vain and foolish. He behaved very badly to Mary, and she was sadder than ever. Some of the nobles began to make bolder plots, and to say that James should be king, and that they would not have a woman to rule them. At last some very shocking things happened. Lord Darnley was ill, and was taken away from the place to be nursed at a house called the Kirk of Field, where the queen used to go and see him. One night, as the queen and her ladies were dancing merrily at a ball given by the queen upon the marriage of one of her servants, some wicked men got some gunpowder and blew up the Kirk of Field, where Lord Darnley was. His dead body was found in a field near the house ; but none of the murderers could be discovered.

The queen's enemies said that she had done this to get rid of her husband ; and many people believed it. Among these, Elizabeth and Lord Burleigh pretended especially to believe it ; and Elizabeth treated Mary, of whom she was jealous, like a criminal. The real murderer was most likely a wicked man named Bothwell, who took Mary prisoner, and then forced her to marry him. When he did this, her enemies cried out more than ever ; and poor Mary's son was taken away from her, and she was put in prison in a castle on an island in Lochleven.

Her bad husband, Lord Bothwell, ran away when he found that he could not have any more power ; and there were but few people left in Scotland to help Mary ; but these few were faithful and brave. They managed to let her know that if she could steal the keys of Lochleven Castle, they would be ready with horses on the other side of the lake ; and Mary really got out, and rode away as fast as she could with her friends. But her little army was beaten ; and, in an evil hour, Mary resolved to trust herself to Queen Elizabeth.

Her friends knelt round her, weeping and begging her not to go to England; but Mary would go. She came to England, and wrote to tell Elizabeth that she had thrown herself on her protection; but instead of protecting her she took her prisoner, and sent her to Tutbury Castle, where Lord Shrewsbury was her keeper.

They allowed her to ride and walk about, and to see her friends; but, in spite of all that Mary could beg and entreat, Elizabeth would never see her, nor allow her to go to France, where she might have lived very happily. Nothing went well in England during Mary's imprisonment. For eighteen long years there was nothing but plots, and conspiracies, and murders, and burnings. The kings and princes of Europe were so angry with Elizabeth for keeping Mary in prison, that they tried to help her to get out. The King of Spain and the King of France made war with Elizabeth, who now persecuted and burnt all her rich Catholic subjects, and seized their estates, and made the most cruel laws against them. She was determined, she said, not to have a single Catholic priest ordained in England again.

In many villages Elizabeth had several hundreds of people hanged at once; and when the high-sheriffs wrote to beg her to be satisfied, she was violently enraged, and swore at them. At last she signed a warrant for the execution of the Queen of Scots.

When the gentlemen came to **Fotheringhay Castle**, where Mary had been taken, and Lord Shrewsbury had bid her prepare for death, she said he was heartily welcome for the news he had brought, and that she died a true Catholic, and innocent of all the charges brought against her. She then begged to see her confessor; but these cruel men refused to let her have this last consolation. When the noblemen were gone, she told her servants to rejoice, for they would soon see the end of her sufferings. She prayed nearly all the night, and the next morning went into her oratory and prayed some time. Then she got ready to be executed. The

scaffold was made in the great hall, and Mary looked at it without being at all frightened or growing pale. She had put on her richest dress of black velvet, to show that she was rejoiced to die, and she carried her crucifix in her hand. She spoke beautifully to them all, and said she was innocent of ever trying to do any harm to Elizabeth, and had always been her friend. After her death, she said, many things would be known. Dr. Fletcher preached to her and begged her to become a Protestant. The queen gently begged him to stop; and as the minister went on preaching, Mary repeated some psalms to herself in Latin. Then she looked at her crucifix, and said, "As Thy arms, O Lord, were stretched out upon the Cross, so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy, and forgive my sins." The fierce Earl of Kent, who was there, told her to leave her Popish trumperies, and to carry Christ in her heart. Mary firmly replied, "I cannot hold the image of His sufferings in my hand, without having Him in my heart too." Then she knelt down and said, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" and laying her beautiful head on the block, it was cut off, and her soul went to the rest she had sighed for so long. Dr. Fletcher said, "So perish all the queen's enemies!" and the puritanical Earl of Kent, in a louder voice, cried out, "So perish all the enemies of the Gospel!" But nobody said "Amen."

Most likely they were all glad that the beautiful and unhappy Mary, after all her long life of sorrow, was gone where no cruelty could reach her any more.

XXI—EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(1587.)

Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must
drip with blood.

With slow and steady step there came a lady through
the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips and touch'd the
hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil
round her fell—
And from her neck there hung a cross—the cross she
loved so well.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was
its bloom;
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the
tomb.
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so
brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with
every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living
gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of
mould.*
Even now I see her far away in that calm convent
aisle;
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy
smile;
Even now I see her bursting forth upon her bridal
morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born.
Alas, the change! she placed her foot upon a triple
throne,†
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block,
alone;
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the
crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round
her footsteps bow'd.

* *Symmetry of mould, shapeliness, or beauty, of form.*

† *Triple throne.* She was queen of Scotland; on the death of her father-in-law she was queen of France; and her followers claimed for her the throne of England.

Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has
pass'd away;

The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of
clay.

The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to
the floor:

The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood
of a queen—

The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth hath
seen—

Lapp'd by a dog! go think of it in silence and alone; '
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a
throne.

—*Henry Glassford Bell.*

XXII.—THE SPANISH ARMADA. (1588.)

There is no need to say how all the kings and princes in Europe cried out shame upon Elizabeth, when they heard what she had done. The great Philip II., the King of Spain, fitted out a grand fleet to invade England, and he wrote to the Pope to help him, that he might be King of England, and make it a Catholic country again. Perhaps there never was such a fleet seen as Philip sent out. It was called the *Invincible Armada*, and there were one hundred and thirty-five large ships, commanded by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who was a very brave old soldier.

When this great Armada came sailing towards England, every one was as busy as possible in getting ready to fight. All the great lords gave as much money as they could, to build ships and to pay sailors; the gentlemen brought out all their horses, and put on red coats, and went to fight; and all the shopkeepers and farmers and cottagers put on red coats, and bought swords and muskets, and were drilling all day long.

The shops had to mind themselves, and the ploughs stood still in the furrows; for every Englishman was thinking only of how he could best defend his country.

All down the Thames, from London to Blackwall, and from Blackwall to Greenwich and Chatham, and at Deptford, and Tilbury Fort, there was nothing but shipbuilding, and hammering, and sawing, and rolling in casks of flour and meal, and bags of shot and powder. Day and night, everybody was busy, and every one worked as hard as he could, that the Spaniards might not take England.

Elizabeth was very busy too. She spoke to the lords and to the people, and told them what to do, and how to behave themselves. She reminded them of their duties, and encouraged them to fight for their friends and their homes and their queen. She put on armour and a riding-dress, and rode on a beautiful white horse in front of the army at Tilbury Fort; and there was not a man there who did not feel more encouraged by the sight of his queen. Altogether, the words that Elizabeth spoke, and her actions at Tilbury, are the best of her life.

Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh commanded the English fleet, and burnt and took a great many of the Spanish ships. Then the Spaniards tried to make off, but a great storm broke and scattered all the Spanish fleet, and of the one hundred and thirty-five ships of the Invincible Armada, very few indeed returned to Spain. Then there were bonfires and feasts and great rejoicings all over England.

In this reign there were nothing but cruelties in Ireland. Lord Mountjoy fought against a brave Irish earl named Lord Desmond, who was the head of the Fitzgeralds, or, as they were called, the Geraldines. They were some of the oldest and bravest of the Irish chiefs; and Lord Desmond, who was very old, with his countess, escaped a great many times from the English soldiers. But at last they found him sitting in a poor

cabin in the bogs; and when they found that it was Lord Desmond, they cut off his head.

Another great Irish chief was Hugh O'Neal, Lord Tyrone. It is impossible to tell all his adventures, for they would fill a large book. But at last Lord Mountjoy killed all the men, women, and children that he



The Armada. The English "Fire-ships" at work.

could find who were of old Irish blood, and Catholics. Then he burnt the houses, with the cows and sheep and standing corn, so that there was nothing left to eat, and those miserable wretches who escaped being murdered were starved. The misery was so great and so shocking, that to this day that frightful war is called "The Hag's War" by the Irish, in remembrance of Elizabeth.

We have now to speak of Lord Essex, the last of Elizabeth's favourites. He was young and very high-spirited ; and when the queen scolded him, he scolded her in return. She sent him to Ireland amongst the rest ; but he disobeyed her orders there, and she sent for him to come back, and put him in prison. He had a great many enemies who were jealous of the queen's love for him ; and the chief of these were the dark and crooked-minded Walsingham, and Sir Robert Cecil, the famous Lord Burleigh's pert little son. They contrived and planned it so that Elizabeth misunderstood Lord Essex, and Lord Essex misunderstood Elizabeth ; and in the end they persuaded her to say that this bold and brave young nobleman should be put to death.

He sent Elizabeth a ring which she had given him, and had told him to send her whenever he should be in danger. But the child by whom he sent the ring gave it by mistake to a lady who hated him, instead of to her sister, who was his friend ; and this lady gave the ring to her husband, who kept it. Elizabeth had expected to have this ring sent her, because she really loved Lord Essex very much ; and when it did not come, she thought he was too proud to beg her to forgive him. She therefore ordered poor Lord Essex to be taken out of the Tower, and his head was cut off when he was not much more than thirty years old.

After his death, the lady who had kept the ring confessed it to the queen, and begged her to forgive her ; but Elizabeth was so angry and unhappy that she cried out, " God may forgive you, but I never will ! " She never looked cheerful or laughed any more.

She still went on wearing longer and longer strings of jewels, and finer and finer gowns, and every year she had a larger and stiffer ruff made than any she had worn before. She would not allow any shading to be put into her pictures ; and was very angry indeed if anybody called her old. But at last she became very ill, and would not take any of the medicine that the doctors ordered for her. She sat upon a heap of

cushions on the ground, with her finger in her mouth, and would not speak or move. But when Sir Robert Cecil came and told her that she *must* go to bed, she said scornfully, "Little man, little man, thy father would not have dared to use such a word ! but thou art grown presumptuous, because thou knowest I shall die." When he went away frightened, her cousin the lord-admiral begged of her to go to bed ; but she said, " My lord, I am tied with an iron collar round the neck ; I am tied, and things are altered with me now."

The last words of the last of the Tudors were words of pride. All through her life, she never would say who was to succeed her ; and on her deathbed, she would not say distinctly who was her successor ; but when they named to her Lord Beauchamp, a cousin of Lady Katherine Grey, whom Elizabeth hated, and had treated very cruelly, she cried out angrily, " I will have no rascal's son in my place ! " and soon after she died.

When they knew that she was dead, Lady Scrope let a sapphire ring down from the window to her brother, Sir Robert Carey, according to a signal which they had arranged before ; and he picked it up and rode away as fast as horses could carry him to Scotland, to tell James that he was now King of England.

XXIII.—ELIZABETH AT TILBURY. (Autumn, 1588.)

[Supposed to be spoken by the troops assembled to repel
the invasion.]

1. Let them come, come never so proudly,
O'er the green waves in tall array ;
Silver clarions menacing loudly,
" All the Spains " on their pennons gay ;
High on deck of their gilded valleys
Our light sailers they scorn below :—

We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,
Till their flag hauls down to the foe!

For our oath we swear

By the name we bear,

By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—

Hers ever, and hers still, come life, come death :

God save Elizabeth !

2. Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva *

Watch from their bulwarks† in swarthy‡ scorn ;

Lords and Princes by Philip's favour :

We by birthright are noble born !

Freemen born of the blood of freemen,

Sons of Cressy and Flodden § are we :

We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them,—

English boats on the English sea !

And our oath we swear

By the name we bear,

By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—

Hers ever, and hers still, come life, come death :

God save Elizabeth !

3. Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,

Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke, ||

Hang like wasps by the flagships towered,

Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak :—

Let them range their seven-mile crescent,

Giant galleons, canvas wide !

Ours will harry them, board and carry them,

Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.

For our oath we swear

By the name we bear,

By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—

Hers ever, and hers still, come life, come death :

God save Elizabeth !

* Leaders of the Spanish expedition. † *Bulwarks*, ships' sides.

‡ *Swarthy*, black, "black looks."

§ *Cressy* and *Flodden*, those who fought at Cressy (1346) and Flodden (1513). || Captains of the English Fleet.

4. ———Has God risen in wrath and scatter'd,
Have His tempests smote them in scorn?
Past the Orcades, * dumb and tatter'd,
'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn?



Elizabeth at Tilbury.

We were as lions hungry for battle ;
God has made our battle His own !
God has scatter'd them, sunk and shatter'd them :
Give the glory to Him alone !

* *Orcades*, Orkney Islands, north of Scotland.

While our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Hers ever, and hers still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

—F. T. Palgrave.

XXIV.—THE UNION OF THE CROWNS.

TABLE OF STUART SOVEREIGNS.

	<i>Relation to previous King.</i>	<i>Reign.</i>
James I.	Great Grandson of Henry VII.	1603-1625
Charles I.	Son	1625-1649
The Commonwealth		1649-1660
Charles II.	Son of Charles I.	1660-1683

HOUSE OF ORANGE.

{ William III.	Grandson of Charles I. }	. 1685-1702
{ Mary II.	Daughter of James II. }	
Anne	Daughter of James II.	

As soon as Sir Robert Carey, all splashed with mud from the great haste he had made, had reached Scotland, and told King James that he was now King of England, James set out, for he was very fond of money, and he was glad to go to a country so rich as England. He took a great many Scottish lords and gentlemen with him, and came to London as fast as he could ; and it is said that as soon as he heard the news of Elizabeth's death, he had cried out to his nobles, "Now, my lords, we have got to the Promised Land at last."

When King James was a very little boy, he had been taken away from his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, whom Elizabeth had put to death, and had been given to some tutors to take care of, under the protection of his uncle, the Regent Murray. He was a clever boy, and was very fond of learning, and remembered what he learned ; but his learning was never of any use

to him when he grew up, because he was a foolish man. He was always a quiet, solemn, comical creature, except when he was angry ; and then he used to scream and curse and shout in a dreadful manner. When he was about four years old, James was taken to open the Parliament ; and he read his speech with great gravity, as was his custom. But it chanced that a slate had been blown off the roof of the Parliament House, and had left a space open. James looked up at the end of his speech, and said very drolly, in the Scotch dialect, "There is *ane* (one) hole in this Parliament !" He used to call all his companions by nicknames ; and one day, as he was playing at quoits with the little Lord Marr, he cried out, "Johnny has *slaited* me !" (cheated me). And always afterwards he called Lord Marr Johnny *Slaites*. This foolish habit of nicknaming his friends continued all through his life.

James had married a Danish princess named Anne. She was very pretty and amusing, but she was not very wise. She was fond of spending money in dress and plays and shows ; and always acted herself, which was not fit for a queen. She spent almost all her time either in these amusements or in hunting.

James had a great many children ; but they died very soon. He had two sons and one daughter when he became King of England, named Henry, Charles, and Elizabeth. Anne of Denmark and Prince Henry came to England soon after James. The people went to meet her as she came along, and entertained her with the most beautiful shows or *pageants*, written by one of the greatest of our poets, next to Shakespeare, named Ben Jonson. These pageants were called *Masques*, and were full of pretty stories about fairies and elves. They were always acted in the open air, and generally in some gentleman's beautiful park.

Anne of Denmark was not very wise, as we said before, and she offended the stately old English ladies by refusing to let them keep their places at court. She would keep her own Scottish ladies ; and although King

James scolded and swore, she would have her own way. James gave great offence too, by making a great many new nobles and knights. There were so many, that even the common people laughed at the mushroom nobles; and they stuck up a witty piece of poetry in London, begging the king to give them some new way of remembering their titles. A good many of the old English lords were turned out of their places at court to make room for Scottish noblemen, and this raised up endless quarrels and jealousies.

Scotland was now joined to England, and the two kingdoms together were called **Great Britain**, instead of England and Scotland; and if James had been a wise and prudent man, instead of a very foolish one, he might have taught the two nations to love one another very much. As it was, there were nothing but troubles and plots, and a great many people wanted to make a cousin of James, **Lady Arabella Stuart**, queen, instead of him.

All the time that England was so troubled, and there was so much business to settle, James would not attend to his affairs, but spent all the mornings in hunting, and all the evenings in drinking and laughing at foolish rude games. The wise old ministers, who had been used to Queen Elizabeth's business-like habits, were quite amazed at James's folly. They begged of him to attend to the affairs of the country, at least in the mornings: but he said he did not become king to be nailed to the council-board. One day he lost his favourite dog Jowler: and the next day the dog came home with a piece of parchment tied round his neck, on which was written a droll petition to the dog; because, as the people said, the king very often listened to him, but never to his people. Whenever this foolish king did attend to business, it was to business which did not concern him. He was very learned, it is true, and he had read a great many books, especially upon theology; and he fancied himself a great theologian, and quite fit to settle all points of doctrine. Several

times he left off hunting to write addresses to the Pope, and to all the Catholics of Europe, to try to make out that he was right in calling himself head of the Church in England ; but he was only laughed at for his pains : and the French king's prime minister, who was a very witty gentleman, named Sully, said that James was the wisest fool in Europe.

XXV.—THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. (1605.)

We said that the king had a son named Henry. He was not at all like his father, for he was both wise and good. He spent most of his time either in studying, or going about the country to see the different manufactures, and to encourage men in building ships, and making other useful things. Prince Henry was the peacemaker between his father and mother in their foolish quarrels ; and as long as he lived, there was some kind of order at the court. But when he grew up he was very tall and thin, and at last he fell ill, and died of consumption, just when he was most needed in England.

The king's other son was named Charles. He was a very handsome and graceful boy, with grave quiet manners, and as unlike his father as Prince Henry had been. King James was so fond of Prince Charles, that he could not bear him to be out of his sight. He used to call him Baby Charles, even when he grew up to be a man ; and talked to him in such an odd childish way, that all the gentlemen at court laughed at him.

Soon after Prince Henry's death, Queen Anne of Denmark died too ; and then James grew worse, and more foolish and mischievous. He never chose his ministers for their wisdom in managing the country, but for their good looks, and because they were tall. The chief of his favourites was a nobleman named the Duke of Buckingham. He chose him because he was

very handsome, and could dance and fence well, and was witty and pleasant, and never thought about his being a bad man, and a bad friend for his son. James called him Steenie, though his name was George, because he was like a picture at Hampton Court of St. Stephen the Martyr.

Buckingham was very ambitious, and he wanted to be admired by all Europe. He therefore proposed to Prince Charles a wild plan of dressing up, and going to Spain to see if he should like the King of Spain's daughter for a wife. Prince Charles was pleased with this mad frolic; and he and Buckingham borrowed all the king's jewels and fine things, dressed themselves up in disguise, and called themselves John and Thomas Smith. The king cried like a child, and begged of his dear Baby Charles and Steenie not to go; but they only laughed at him, and set out. They went through France, where they were treated very well; and Prince Charles danced at a ball with the French princess **Henrietta Maria**, who afterwards became his wife. When they reached Spain, they were received with great joy by the king, who was pleased that Charles wished so much to marry his daughter. He gave the prince and Buckingham two gold keys, with which they could let themselves into the palace whenever they pleased.

But instead of marrying the Infanta (as the princesses of Spain are called), Buckingham behaved so badly himself, and made the young prince do such foolish things, that they were obliged to come back to England. The King of Spain was angry at this, and the English people were angry too, because the prince had been so foolish. Perhaps it was partly this mad frolic that made them lose their respect for him. After a great many disputes and changes, it was settled that Prince Charles should marry the Princess **Henrietta Maria**, and that she should be allowed to fulfil all the duties of her religion.

The Duke of Buckingham did a great deal more mischief before the king died. He quarrelled with all



Execution of Raleigh.

the other great men of the kingdom ; and the brave **Sir Walter Raleigh** was accused of treason and put to death, although the king did not really believe him guilty of any crime. The king disgraced **Lord Bacon** too, who was a corrupt minister, though so learned a man, because he had not courage to oppose his bad and foolish favourite.

The only use King James ever made of his cleverness was to find out the plot commonly called the **Gunpowder Plot**. Some Catholic gentlemen who had been very badly treated, and who were discontented, made a wicked plan to blow up the king and all the Parliament with gunpowder ; and they spoke of it in confession to two Jesuits, named **Greenway** and **Oldcorne**, who did all they could to prevent them. The chief planners of this plot were **Richard Catesby** and **Guy Fawkes**. **Guy Fawkes** was to fire the train of gunpowder, and then to escape with **Catesby** to **Dunchurch**, in **Warwickshire**, when they were to proceed to the king's court to take possession of **Prince Charles**. They were to name a regent and to form a government favourable to the Catholics.

One of the two Jesuits had told their Provincial, **Father Garnet**, of this dreadful plot, and he did all he could to stop them ; but they were determined. Meantime one of the conspirators wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, **Lord Monteaule**, to warn him of a *great blow* which would be struck at the Parliament. **Lord Monteaule** took the letter to the king, and he said that the great blow must mean that it was to be *blown up*. He sent some gentlemen to search under the **Parliament House**, and they found **Guy Fawkes** there, and a great many barrels of gunpowder.

Soon after **Guy Fawkes** was taken prisoner, **Catesby** and the Jesuits were put in prison too ; and they were all tried, and put to death. The king was very proud of finding out this plot, and boasted of it ever afterwards.

King James was severe to the Puritans as well as to

the Catholics, and some of the best and most earnest and sincere among them took ship and sailed in the "**Mayflower**" for North America. They are called the **Pilgrim Fathers**, and they founded the colony which came to be known as New England.

XXVI.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS. (1620.)

1. The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and
rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant
branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters
o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild
New England shore.
2. Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted,
came,—
Not with the roll of stirring drums, and the trumpet
that sings of fame :
Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with
their hymns of lofty cheer.
3. Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and
the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang to the
anthems of the free :
The ocean-eagle soared from his nest by the white
waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared ;—this was
their welcome home !
4. There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim
band ;

Why had they come to wither there, away from their
childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's
truth ;

There was manhood's brow, serenely high ; and the
fiery heart of youth.

5. What sought they thus afar ? bright jewels of the
mine ?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—They sought
a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod !
They have left unstained what there they found,—
freedom to worship God ! —*Mrs. Hemans.*

XXVII.—THE KING AND THE PURITANS.

When James I. died, "Baby Charles" became king. Notwithstanding his foolish name, Charles I. never seems to have been babyish, or even childish, at all. He was always very steady and grave, and had, even when quite young, the noble manners of a high-bred gentleman. He was not exactly handsome, but he had a sweet and majestic face, with that particular kind of grave sadness in it which is always said to speak of coming troubles and sorrows. He wore his long brown hair in curls over his lace collar, as was the custom of the gentlemen of that time, and he wore lace cuffs with long points to them, like his collar.

We have already said that, after many disputes, it was settled that King Charles was to marry the Princess **Henrietta Maria** of France. Soon after he became king, he sent the Duke of Buckingham to Paris to fetch her ; and he brought her to England, when Charles met her at Dover. The princess was the daughter of the great Henri Quatre, and was very high-spirited and beautiful.

She was a Catholic, and brought a great many priests with her to England. Her mother was Mary de' Medici, an Italian lady, who gave her daughter some beautiful advice before she left home.

Henrietta Maria was very young when she came to England, and she was not so prudent as she should have been in obeying her mother's beautiful and wise advice. She offended the English people by bringing with her so many priests, and by having Mass said so publicly and with such splendour. She and the king had a great many quarrels about this, and it is not easy to say what mischief would have happened if her mother had not sent a wise old French officer named Marshal Bassompierre to England, to make peace between Charles and his wife.

This old marshal was a fine brave old soldier, and he told the queen his whole mind without any flattery. He blamed her for quarrelling with her husband; and he blamed her ladies and gentlemen too, who helped to make her behave like a spoiled child.

In the end, Charles said he would send away all these French ladies and gentlemen. One day, therefore, he took the queen by the hand, and led her away from her own part of the palace, while he sent a number of his guards to drive her household out of Whitehall. They would not go at first; but at last they were obliged to leave, and they sailed back to their own country in very great anger. Henrietta was very angry too at first; but Charles was so gentle and reasonable, that she could not help seeing he was right, and she became one of the best and most faithful wives that ever was known.

Everything might have gone well in the country then, but for the despotic disposition of the king, and the disturbed state into which the Reformation had brought it. There was a large party in the House of Commons at this time who said that the Established Church was nearly as Popish as the Catholic Church, and that they

would not have any bishops, nor surplices, nor singing, nor painted windows in the churches.

They were called *Puritans*, because they said they were purer in doctrine than the Established Church. They wore loose great-coats, without any lace collars or cuffs, which they called worldly finery, and they had their hair cropped quite close to their heads. They had a great many ministers, who preached very long and very violent sermons. In language they imitated the way in which the prophets in the old Scripture spoke, and they often called the king "the man of sin," and the queen "Jezebel."

From calling the king names, the puritanical party went on to oppose him openly in the House of Commons; and instead of behaving with prudence, and looking to see if there was anything in which he was wrong, the king behaved in a foolish and tyrannical manner. The Kings of England had now come to consider themselves the heads of the Church and something sacred; they said that they held their power by "Divine right," and that no one had any business to control them. This was quite contrary to the English constitution, as it was laid down by Alfred, King Edward, and all the Anglo-Saxon kings, who had with great wisdom established the Witan to serve as a check to the monarchy, and so prevent the king from getting too much power. It was contrary, too, to the principles which those great and good ministers, Lanfranc and St. Anselm and Cardinal Langton, had upheld, which they always helped the barons and the gentlemen to maintain, and which were written down for perpetual remembrance in Magna Charta at Runnymede. The Tudors had done their best to violate these principles, and the Stuarts imitated them in their tyrannical conduct.

The bad friend whom James had chosen for his son, the Duke of Buckingham, stayed with Charles, and helped him by his advice to do more mischief. He was so proud and ambitious, that he was always quarrelling

with the other noblemen, and getting into difficulties with the great men of foreign countries, against which he persuaded Charles to make war.

The Commons were not willing to give the king money to make war for the Duke of Buckingham's pleasure, and they told him so. They were right in this; for the country was very much in debt, and the people were all complaining of being taxed. But instead of listening to them, Charles was very angry with the House of Commons; and he sent away the Parliament, and said he would rule by himself. This was altogether *unconstitutional*. He had not the least right to rule without a Parliament. When he had sent away the Parliament, Charles sent a number of men about the country to inquire how much money every one had; and whatever he had, he was obliged to lend some to the king. This was very unjust indeed.

The chief speakers on the parliamentary side were Denzil, Hollis, Pym, Selden, John Hampden, and Lord Fairfax. John Hampden was the bravest and really the best of all those who opposed the king, and only did it because he thought it a duty to defend the English constitution.

The king was so indignant at Hampden for opposing him, that he ordered him and some other gentlemen to be put in prison, though they had done nothing to deserve it. This made the Commons very angry indeed. They began to do all they could to vex and oppose the king; and first of all, they found fault with his ministers, who they said gave him bad advice.

One of these ministers was Wentworth, Lord **Strafford**. He was a brave and high-spirited nobleman, who upheld the king in all his injustice, because he thought that kings ought to have absolute power, and that no one should be allowed to control them at all. He had a great contempt for the House of Commons; and, next to the king, he thought that the nobles ought to be allowed a large share of power. The king sent him to Ireland to be lord-lieutenant; and he be-

haved so cruelly to the poor Catholics that they rose up in arms all over the country.

The Commons took advantage of this,—though they hated the Catholics much more than Lord Strafford did,—to find fault with him, and they said that he should have his head cut off. The king said that Lord Strafford's head should never be cut off; and he was very unhappy, for he loved his faithful friend and servant very dearly. But in spite of all he could do, Lord Strafford was tried; and although he spoke so eloquently and beautifully that even his judges were drowned in tears, his enemies would have his blood. He was sentenced to die; and they asked the king to sign his death-warrant.

Poor King Charles then did one of the worst acts of his life. He was so afraid of offending the angry Commons that he gave way, and condemned the most faithful of all his servants to death. When Lord Strafford heard it, he started, for he had always trusted the king, and he quoted that verse of the Scripture, "Put not thy trust in princes, nor in any child of man."

This brave lord had his head cut off without even changing his countenance. Soon after Lord Strafford was beheaded, the Puritans put **Dr. Laud** to death. He was the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and had done all he could to persecute the Puritans, and to make them conform to the Established Church, which was not fair; for they had as much right to interpret the Bible for themselves as Dr. Laud and the Established Church, and it was contrary to his own principles not to allow them to do so. He was beheaded when he was seventy-two years old, and behaved with great dignity and courage.

XXVIII.—THE CIVIL WAR. (1642-9.)

The Parliament had grown more and more insolent; and they raised an army against the king, and the king

raised an army against the Parliament. There was thus another civil war, like the war of the Roses, but a more dreadful one even than that. The gentlemen who fought on the king's side were called "Cavaliers;" and the Parliament, or puritanical party, were called "Roundheads."

Charles sent to Germany for his nephew, **Prince Rupert**, to come and fight for him. He was a clever and learned man, but very proud, reckless, and harsh.

The Parliament army chose Lord Essex for their general; but they had a great many others, among whom must be particularly remembered **Oliver Cromwell**, **Fairfax**, **Skippon** and **Harrison**.

Poor Charles was obliged to part with his faithful queen. She went to Holland to get money and arms to carry on the war. She was nearly shipwrecked on her way home; but while all her ladies were shrieking and crying, she sat quite quiet, and laughing at their fears, she cried out, "Courage, dears! Courage! Queens of England are never drowned!" She had taken with her a number of the crown-jewels, which she left as pledges in Holland; and she obtained a good deal of money for the king. She left her eldest daughter, **Mary**, in Holland, to be married to the Prince of Orange.

There were soon some terrible battles, the names of which will never be forgotten. One was at **Edgehill**, another at **Chalgrove**, and another at **Newbury**. At Chalgrove, **John Hampden** was killed; and at Newbury, another good man, **Lord Falkland**, who was one of the best and bravest of the parliamentary leaders. Like Hampden, Lord Falkland had only opposed the king because he wished the English constitution to be kept as it was established by **Magna Charta**; for he knew that that charter was the great standard and rule by which the liberties of our country are preserved. He had very often spoken with the king, who loved him very much, and had tried to persuade Charles to keep the promises made in the charter. He was very

unhappy when he found that the king would not follow good advice, nor learn while there still was time. And when the war began, he was more unhappy still. His own friends, especially Lord Fairfax, grew more and more violent and bloodthirsty, and began to be more tyrannical in their actions than the king had ever been. Lord Falkland was always talking and wishing for peace; and before the battle of Newbury, he said he hoped he should soon be dead, for he had no happiness now. And very soon his wish came true, for this brave and accomplished nobleman was left dead on the field at Newbury.

Just before the battle of Newbury, the king bade good-bye to his good and faithful queen, whom he never called Henrietta Maria, but always Mary. She went to France to try to get help for her husband and his brave Cavaliers, and she never saw Charles again.

After the battle of Newbury, Prince Rupert fought two other bloody battles with the Roundheads; one was at **Marston Moor**, the other at **Naseby**. Both were gained by the Roundheads; and a great many brave Englishmen lay dead on the field, killed by their own countrymen.

Lord Fairfax took two brave Royalist generals prisoners. They were named Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas. He ordered them both to be shot; and Sir Charles Lucas opened his waistcoat first, and said, "Fire, rebels!" They shot him dead; and then Sir George Lisle kissed his friend's dead body, and was shot too. It was one of the cruellest actions of this cruel war to put these two brave gentlemen to death. When the king heard of it, he could only say, "Lucas and Lisle!" and burst into tears.

No one can help loving and pitying this poor king in his misfortunes. He wandered about from one place to another, sometimes sleeping on the open downs, and sometimes hiding in cottages and sheds. He often said that he had not where to lay his head, and compared himself, as the Prophet-king says, to "a partridge

hunted on the mountains." Yet whoever met with him in these adventures, during which he and his friends were often nearly starved, never forgot his gracious and half-sad face, and his noble and kingly manners. One of the bravest and dearest of his friends, who went everywhere with him, was named Sir Richard Fanshawe.

At last the king escaped to Scotland, his native



Charles I. taken from Carisbrook.

country ; and there he might have been safe, if his own countrymen, the Scots, had not sold him to his enemies, the parliamentary Roundheads. He was imprisoned for a little while at **Carisbrook Castle** in the Isle of Wight, and then at **Hurst Castle**, which is just on the opposite shore. But very soon the Parliament had him brought to London, when they said his head must be cut off.

They pretended to give him a trial; but it was only a mock one, for he was not allowed to be heard in his own defence. Besides, the English law says, that every man must be tried by his peers, which means by his equals.

The people, who loved the king very much, and who now saw clearly that the Parliament Roundheads were much more tyrannical than he had ever been, were very angry that they should ever think of putting him to death. But the Parliament army was so large that the people could do nothing. The Roundhead generals put soldiers along all the streets and all round Whitehall when the king was to be tried, and then they brought him in. Lord Fairfax, who was very tired of his Roundhead friends, would not have anything to do with the king's trial, which disappointed them very much. His wife was a great friend of the king's, and she persuaded Fairfax to stay away, though she went herself in a mask to see if anything could be done to save Charles.

When the judge said that Lord Fairfax was one of the commissioners, she cried out, "No; he has more wit than to be here!" and when he afterwards said that the king was condemned by the whole English people, she said again, "No, not by one-tenth of them!" The people began to clap and shout for joy at these brave words, but the soldiers made them leave off; and then Lady Fairfax was seen to go out of the gallery, though no one dared to stop her.

This brave lady, however, could not save the king. The very men who had so thirsted for the blood of Lord Strafford and poor old Dr. Laud, were determined to have the king's too. He was condemned to die; and then the soldiers began to spit at him, and to puff their tobacco-smoke in his face. The people cried out, "God save the king! God bless your Majesty!" but they were punished and beaten by the soldiers. When he went back to his room, his children were brought to see him, and to say good-bye to him.

The king took the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke

of Gloucester on his knees, and spoke to them both. The princess was older than her brother, and very sensible. The tears rolled down the king's face while he talked with them, and they all wept together. He gave them very good advice, and they promised to do all that their father bade them. He bade his daughter tell her mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her was the same to the last.

He then took the little Duke of Gloucester on his knees, and said to him, "Now will they cut off thy father's head. Mark it, my child, they will cut off thy father's head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say, thou must not be a king as long as thy brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." The brave child replied, "I will be torn in pieces first!"

The king then gave them his blessing, and sent them away; and the parting between the father and his children made the iron-hearted Oliver Cromwell actually weep.

The next day Whitehall was hung with black, and a scaffold was raised next to the street; but the people were driven nearly out of sight on each side by soldiers. The king came out with a calm and majestic look, and kneeling down, he had his head cut off by a man in a hideous grey-bearded mask. When the axe fell down, a deep groan of horror rose from the people; but Cromwell had strong bodies of soldiers sent to ride up and down amongst them till they were all driven away.

XXIX.—THE CAVALIER.

1. While the dawn on the mountain was misty and grey,
My true love has mounted his steed, and away—
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale and o'er down;
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the
Crown!

2. He has doffed the silk doublet,* the breastplate to bear,
He has placed the steel cap o'er his long flowing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down;
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the Crown!
3. For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws;
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause;
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—
God strike with the gallant that strikes for the Crown!
4. They may boast of their Fairfax,† their Waller, and all
The Round-headed rebels of Westminster Hall;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the North hath encircled the Crown!
5. There's Derby ‡ and Cavendish, dread of their foes,
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose!
Would you match the base Skippon § and Massey and Brown
With the barons of England that fight for the Crown!
6. Now joy to the crest of the brave cavalier!
Be his banner unconquered, resistless his spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown!

—*Sir W. Scott, from Rokeby.*

* *Doffed his doublet*, taken off his silk vest or under-garment.

† *Parliamentary leaders.*

‡ *Derby, &c., Cavalier lords.*

§ *Skippon, &c., Roundheads.*

XXX.—THE COMMONWEALTH. (1649-1658.)

It is not possible to say how angry the kings of Europe were when they heard that the English Parliament had dared to put their king to death. The young French king Louis XIV., and his mother Anne of Austria, were very kind indeed to Charles II., who was then about sixteen years old; and they gave the Queen Henrietta Maria some money, and a house to live in.

The Irish were very angry with the Parliament; and they knew very well that the savage and bigoted Puritans would treat them very cruelly. They therefore asked Charles II. to come to Ireland, and said they would fight for him.

The Scots were angry also, because some of their countrymen had disgraced themselves so much as to sell their king; and those very men who had done this base action were now so ashamed of themselves that they wrote to Charles II., and said they would help him against the Parliament.

The Parliament generals saw that something must be done to keep the power they had gained in their hands. They chose a council, which was called the **Council of State**; and in that council they chose three men, who chiefly ruled it, and told the other councillors what to do. These three men were named Cromwell, Ireton, and Marten.

Oliver Cromwell was the cleverest of the three; and indeed he was one of the cleverest men that has ever been seen.

The first thing he did was to get rid of the House of Lords. He called the Parliament, and said that there should be a republic in England; and that there should be neither king nor lords, but that the House of Commons should rule the country. All the Parliament agreed to this, and the government was called the **Commonwealth**.

But after a while, some of the members became

jealous of Cromwell, and began to see through his ambition; so he determined to get rid of the House of Commons too. One day, as Parliament was sitting, he went in, and began to speak to the members as usual, praising them for what they had done, and so on. But afterwards he went on to say that there was a great deal more to do for the country, and that the Lord had not chosen them for the work; and he pretended to be very sorry for this. Having said this, he called in the soldiers, and told them to clear the house, that is, to turn all the members out. One gentleman, named **Sir Harry Vane**, said that it was dishonest of Cromwell to turn out his own friends; but Cromwell said angrily, "Oh, Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" and he turned him out of the house with the others.

This was the end of what is called the **Long Parliament**, because it sat for twelve years. It began by defending the English constitution, and ended by disturbing and altering it quite as much, if not more, than any of the Tudors or Stuarts had done.

We see very clearly from this part of our history that no one of the three parts of the English constitution ought to get more power than it is intended to have; and this is a very important and useful lesson for every one to learn.

In the time of the last Plantagenet kings, the nobles, or aristocracy, got too much power; and they did very unjust things, which ended in the cruel civil war of the Roses.

In the time of the Tudor kings, the king, or the monarchy, got too much power; and the kings did unjust things. They put on unjust taxes, and broke the promises in Magna Charta to give every man a full right over his own "life, liberty, and property." This ended in the civil war of the Great Rebellion, and cost Charles I. his head.

Then the Commons, or Democratic part of the constitution, got too much power, and did worse injustices



Cromwell dismissing the Long Parliament.

than either of the others. For much as the kings and nobles had done to oppress and injure each other, the people in general had not been the sufferers. It was the Commons who invented the plan of taxing the food we eat, and the clothes we wear, and the soap which makes us clean; and these taxes are more hard upon the poor than upon the rich. The Commons, too, quartered their soldiers upon all the farmers and shopkeepers and cottagers, who were often themselves nearly starved.

The Puritans would not hear of any more merry singing, or dancing, or playing at manly and innocent games. The old village Maypoles, round which the children used to dance, were cut down, and all the pretty mumming and May-games were forbidden. Whatever painted glass and images and carving remained in the beautiful old churches was beaten down and broken to pieces. Many of the sweet-toned bells which still hung in the old towers and steeples were pulled down and sold; and all the rich brass monuments and coloured pavements were torn up and broken in pieces with great hammers. Whenever old books still remained, they were torn up too; so that a great many beautiful remains were utterly destroyed.

XXXI.—CROMWELL'S WARS.

Cromwell established himself firmly in power; and he was called the **Protector of England**. He was always at war; and as he was a very determined and brave man, he was generally victorious.

He sent a great many soldiers to Ireland, and then he went himself. He found that the Irish hated him, and were everywhere in rebellion. He was very cruel indeed. He besieged a good many large towns; and when the garrisons surrendered, he usually killed them

all, or at least the officers. At **Wexford** and at **Drogheda** he ordered some thousands of the poor inhabitants to be put to death ; and among these were some hundreds of ladies and poor women, who ran to the great cross in the middle of the town, crying out for mercy. But the cruel soldiers, who were called Cromwell's "Ironsides," had no more mercy than their general ; and they killed all these poor defenceless women with their swords. Very soon **Drogheda** was full of dead bodies, and the streets ran with streams of blood for many days.

Cromwell went about the country killing every one who was against him, even the women and children ; and then he ordered that a great many of the Catholic gentlemen and farmers should be banished, and sent out of Ireland. A good many were glad to go, and a good many others went because they were obliged. Some of them went to France, some to Spain, some to America, and some to Venice ; and their descendants are still to be found in all parts of the world.

When the cruel Protector had got rid of all these Catholics, he made their wives and children get into some ships, which took them to the West Indies and some other places, where he sold them for slaves. This was the liberty which the Great Rebellion gave to Great Britain.

Next there was a war in **Scotland**. A very brave and noble gentleman named **Lord Montrose** got an army together, and tried to win Scotland back for **Charles II.** He had a number of German and French soldiers with him, and he fought many battles, and behaved in the bravest manner.

After great deeds of bravery and wonderful adventures, **Lord Montrose** was taken prisoner by the Puritans ; and they were so delighted at having got him, that they sang and danced for joy. They invented a high kind of carriage to carry him to his trial, and had him bound and treated in the most disgraceful manner. They pretended to try him, but it was no more a real trial

than that of poor Charles I. His enemies read over to him all his evil deeds, as they called them, and then condemned him to be hung on a high gibbet.

Soon after Montrose was killed, Charles II. went to Scotland himself, to see if he could not get back his kingdom. But though a great many of the lords and gentlemen joined him, Charles found that they meant him to obey them, instead of their obeying him as a real king. They wanted him to be a Presbyterian; and they found fault with everything he did, and sometimes made him listen to six long sermons in one day; which quite tired him of the Scotch Puritans, who were then generally called *Covenanters*, because they had made what they called a covenant to keep the Presbyterian religion.

When Cromwell came back from Ireland, he went to fight with Charles, who had come down by degrees into England; and the two armies fought a great battle at Worcester, in which Charles and the Cavaliers were beaten, and were obliged to run away. After the battle of Worcester, the king dressed up in disguise, and fled from one place to another. He had the strangest adventures, and was only saved by the great faithfulness of his friends. Captain Gifford took him to Boscobel, an old house belonging to a Puritan lady, who did not live there, but who had some faithful royalist servants named Pendrell (there were four brothers of the Pendrells), who might have got a thousand pounds by selling Charles to the Parliament. But though they were only poor woodcutters, they never betrayed him. They carried him about very carefully from one wood and from one cottage to another, when the soldiers came after him; and when they did not, they spread their cloaks on the ground for him to lie upon under the trees.

Sometimes Charles was dressed in ragged green baize, like a beggar; sometimes he rode on horseback, as servant to a lady; and once he was obliged to sit with Colonel Careless all day in a bushy oak-tree at

Boscobel, while the soldiers were looking about in the meadows for him. One of the faithful Pendrells and his wife stayed close by the oak, cutting wood ; and the soldiers never suspected that the king was so near. The children who carry boughs of oak and gilded oak-



Charles II. in the Oak.

apples on the 29th of May do so in remembrance of Charles II. being saved in the oak of Boscobel. This, too, is why we see so many inns with the name of "The Royal Oak."

After a great many such escapes as these, in one of

which he was hidden at Mr. Whitgreave's house, at Moseley Court, the king got into a small boat at Brighton, and landed at Fécamp, in Normandy, where he was at last safe from the cruel Protector and his Round-heads ; but for some years he was obliged to live as he could, in France or in Germany.

The next war Cromwell had was with the Dutch. They had a very famous admiral named **Van Tromp**, and another named **De Ruyter**, who were thought to be the best admirals in the whole world. The cause of the war was this. For a long time the Dutch merchant-ships had brought all the spice and cotton and drugs and dye-woods to the other countries of Europe ; and they were very glad to be the carriers to these countries, because they paid them for bringing these goods. But Cromwell was offended with the Dutch for asking to have the life of Charles I. spared, and they were offended with him for making them no answer ; and then Cromwell said that the English ships should bring home their own spice and cotton and sugar, and that he would not allow the Dutch ships to bring goods to England any more.

The Dutch were very angry at this ; and they sent Van Tromp, with a large fleet, into the English Channel. But there was an English admiral as brave as Van Tromp, and he had better ships. His name was **Admiral Blake** ; and he fought Van Tromp, and burnt some of his ships, and took some more, so that Van Tromp was forced to go back to Holland. Afterwards, De Ruyter, with **De Witte**, another Dutch admiral, fought Admiral Blake ; but they could not conquer him ; and the Dutch were glad to make peace, and to promise to punish their friends who had been behaving ill to the English in the East Indies, and to pay a good deal of money besides.

The Protector knew very well how to fight, and how to choose good soldiers and sailors to fight for him. He chose good judges and magistrates also ; and he sent away from his court every one who led a bad life. He

was very much feared and respected by the kings of Europe on account of these qualities; and he was feared and respected in England too, because every one knew that Cromwell was certain to punish rioting and drunkenness, and other bad actions, though he allowed his friends to commit every kind of robbery and cruel injustice towards the Royalists.

But notwithstanding all his power and greatness, Cromwell was very unhappy. He was a usurper, and he knew it; and he was always afraid of being murdered. He wore a thick leather jacket under his clothes, and always kept loaded pistols in his pocket. He had two or three bedrooms, and never slept in any of them for many nights together. And notwithstanding that he did all these things to make himself safe, he never slept in peace.

He grew more and more unhappy. He had a favourite daughter, whom he loved very much, named Elizabeth Claypole; and before she died, when she was very ill, she cried out, that *there was blood to be answered for*; and it made Cromwell very miserable. He had never been afraid in the hottest battle with the Cavaliers; but now he was afraid, because his conscience accused him.

At last he was quite worn out; and after praying a great deal for his Roundheads, and for the Commonwealth to continue, Oliver Cromwell died.

XXXII.—THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE. (1650.)

1. They brought him to the watergate *
Hard bound with hempen span, †
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless ‡ man.

* *Watergate*, gate or street in Edinburgh.

† *Hempen span*, spun hemp, rope.

‡ *Fenceless*, defenceless.

They set him high upon a cart—
The hangmen rode below ;
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.



The Marquis of Montrose.—From a painting by Vandyke.

Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered—the common throng—
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

2. But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,

So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

3. . . . They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,*
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted † floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sat before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

4. "Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright St. Andrew's cross ‡
That waves above us there,
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath,—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me §,—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,

* *Solemn Hall*, Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh.

† *Polluted*, dishonoured, desecrated.

‡ *St. Andrew's Cross*, the standard or flag of Scotland.

He refers to the murder of Charles I.

Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown.

5. "There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave ;
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven ;
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower,
Give every town a limb ;
And God who made shall gather them :
I go from you to Him."
6. The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt *
Lit up the gloomy town ;
The thunder crashed across the heaven—
The fatal hour was come:
Yet aye† broke in with muffled beat
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below,
And anger in the sky ;
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.
7. "He is coming ! he is coming !"
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.
There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan ;

* *Levin-bolt*, lightning, "thunder-bolt." † *Aye*, ever, constantly.

And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man.

8. He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dare not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether *
The eye of God shone through.
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

9. A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,†
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll ;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan,
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done.
- Aytoun.*

XXXIII.—CHARLES II.—THE RESTORATION.

When Oliver Cromwell was dead, his son Richard was made protector in his place. But Richard was a very quiet man, and not at all ambitious ; he had no wish to be protector. He was certainly not fit to govern England. While everybody was wondering what was

* *Liquid ether*, clear sky. † *Shriven*, one absolved from sin.

going to happen, a very clever man, who had been nearly forgotten, settled the matter in a way which no one expected. His name was **General Monk**, and he had been left in Scotland by Cromwell when he came back to England to fight Charles II. at the battle of Worcester. He was very quiet and silent, and no one could ever make out whether he was a Roundhead or a Royalist. Even Cromwell was not certain himself; and once he wrote a letter to the general, in which he said, "Every one declares that there is a sly rogue called George Monk lying quiet in Scotland, waiting for an opportunity of bringing back Charles Stuart; if you catch him, send him to me." General Monk, however, was too cunning ever to say whether this was true or not. But when Richard Cromwell plainly said that he did not wish to be protector, General Monk thought it was time to declare himself plainly also, and he brought his army back from Scotland into England. He wrote to Charles II., who was at Breda, in Holland, and said that if Charles would write some letters to the Parliament, he would be there to support him, and to say that it would be better to have a king again. Charles II. was very glad to do as the general advised him. He wrote some letters to the Parliament, and said, that if he came back, he would pardon every one who had had any hand in putting his father to death, and that all the troubles of the Great Rebellion should be forgotten.

Everyone was delighted to get these letters. People were quite tired of the crop-headed, sour-faced, and psalm-singing Roundheads, who, although they talked so much about liberty, were the worst and most cruel tyrants that England ever had.

General Monk therefore wrote to Charles II. to come to England; and everybody set to work to dress up the streets, and to hang out carpets and flowers and gay flags from the windows to welcome their king home again after his long exile. And on the 29th of May 1660 the bells were rung, fireworks were let off, cannon were fired, and every one shouted and sang for joy; so that

the king said, "Why, it must have been my own fault that I did not come before ; for I have not met with a single person who did not declare that he has done nothing but wish for my restoration."

When Charles landed at Dover, General Monk met him with all his life-guard, and a great many officers in splendid uniforms. The lord mayor was



Return of Charles II.

there too, carrying a naked sword ; and a great many thousand people, with all the train-bands of London. The king embraced General Monk, and made him walk with him ; and afterwards the general rode with the king and his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, into London.

The king called the two Houses of Parliament ; and

they all told him how glad they were that he was come back, and how much they hoped that he would govern them well.

The king was very much liked at first. He was very good-natured, and fond of laughing; and he made everybody else as merry as himself. He liked dancing and games and amusements; but he hated trouble and business.

All his friends were gay too. The Puritans, with their cropped heads and brown coats and grave faces, were all driven away; and the gentlemen dressed in gay-coloured silk and satin coats, with satin shoes, and long curled wigs reaching down to their waists. The Cavaliers had it all their own way now. There were, however, some very grave and good ministers, who looked after the king's affairs for him. The best of these was the Chancellor, **Hyde**, **Lord Clarendon**, whose daughter Anne married the king's brother, the Duke of York. Then there were the Duke of York himself, and General Monk, and Lord Ormond, who were good men of business.

The **Duke of York** was one of the greatest admirals that we have ever had; and whenever any ships came against the English ships, he went out to fight them, and generally conquered. He beat Van Tromp's son, and **Opdam** who was another great Dutch admiral, in several battles; and at length the Dutch were very glad to make peace with England.

The king married a Portuguese princess named **Catherine of Braganza**, who was a good and zealous Catholic, and who loved him very much. But he behaved extremely ill to her, and went away from her frequently to amuse himself with a number of wicked ladies and gentlemen, who were as irreligious and careless as himself. He spent nearly all his time in this manner, playing at cards, and dancing and jesting and laughing with these bad companions.

The names of some of the most famous of Charles II.'s bad friends are, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord

Rochford, Lord Wilmot, the Duchess of Cleveland, and the Duchess of Portsmouth. They made jokes about the queen, whom they hated because she was a Catholic; and the Duke of Buckingham was so wicked as to try to persuade Charles to send her away, and get another wife. But though Charles was so fond of bad and foolish company, he was not hardened. He would never send away his queen; and once, when she was very ill, he sat by her bedside all day and all night, and promised that he would never go away from her again, if she got well. But when she was well, he forgot his promises, and went on as before. He had not the courage to send away his wicked friends, nor to resist their temptations.

The Cabal ministry * caused a great many plots and conspiracies. Not a few of these were invented by people who hated the Catholics, and who wished to have them sent out of the kingdom altogether; for these conspiracies were always said to be carried on by Catholics, and especially by the Jesuits, who were always the first to suffer. The Duke of York, who was a zealous Catholic himself, tried to show the Parliament that these plots were invented by the accusers of the Catholics; but they would not listen to him. Two of these plots are very famous, and are called the **Meal-tub Plot** and the **Rye-house Plot**. But there is not time to tell you about these plots now, except that they were mostly invented by the malice of a wicked man named **Titus Oates**, who wished the king to persecute the Catholics much more severely than he did, and to send away his good wife.

Charles, with all his faults, was a straightforward good-hearted man. He laughed at the plots and at the fears of his subjects, and would not make any new laws against the Catholics. But it is sad to say that he allowed his wicked ministers to persuade him to put

* *The Cabal ministry*, an infamous ministry so called from their initials making up the word "cabal:" they were Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale.

some of the chief Catholics to death, and amongst these was a grey-haired old nobleman named Lord Stafford. This brave and good old lord went through a long and painful trial with the greatest fortitude ; and his daughter, who was as brave as himself, sat by him all the time, and wrote down the notes for his defence at the risk of her own life ; for Titus Oates had written and spoken so many falsehoods, that the mob were ready to tear any Catholic in pieces.

XXXIV.—THE GREAT PLAGUE. (1665.)

After these persecutions, there were some more plots made against the king. One by his own son, the Duke of Monmouth ; and others by some gentlemen who thought, like Hampden and Lord Falkland, that the king ought to keep the promises of Magna Charta.

It was, in fact, the absolute and unconstitutional spirit that Charles now showed (like all the Stuart kings) which was the chief cause of the plots last mentioned. That same spirit which had cost his father his head, and himself his crown, now brought two most noble and excellent gentlemen to the scaffold, and filled all right-judging men with sorrow and shame. The two gentlemen who thought it a duty to prevent Charles from ruining the constitution were Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. Lord Russell had a very good wife, who thought that her husband died a martyr for the good of his country. She stayed with him to the last, and sat by him at his trial, to write for him, and remind him of everything that was likely to save his life. If Charles had kept the promises made in Magna Charta, his bad ministers could never have done such wicked things, and all the mischief and anger caused by their execution would have been prevented.

Besides all these plots, there were two very great

misfortunes in this reign. The first was a terrible disease called the **Plague**, which is very common in Turkey and Egypt, but which is quite unknown in England now. It broke out in Holland first, and then came to England. Many thousands of people died in a week; and wherever any one had the plague, a red cross was marked on the door, and every one but the nurses were forbidden to go to the house. When the person died, he was not buried in the usual way, but was put into a cart which came round for the purpose, and was called the dead-cart. This took away the bodies, and they were buried in a large cemetery near London.

So many people died of the plague, that all who remained alive were frightened—so frightened, that they did not think any more about their friends, nor care whether they died or not. It struck people when they were walking in the streets, or were talking together merrily, or playing with their children. First they felt a little headache, and then a great sickness, and then a swelling came under their arms, and then they were dead, almost before they had time to commend themselves to God. If people wanted to buy anything, they were obliged to go and write down what they wanted on a piece of paper, and then to put the money into a trough of running water; and often people went away without the money for what they had sold, because they were afraid of catching the plague.

A wonderful book was written by Defoe, called the *History of the Plague*, and another very interesting book was written by a man named Christopher North, who had had the plague himself when he was a baby, and whose mother stayed to nurse him. He wrote the book when he became a man, to tell how his dear mother took care of him, and how he loved her for it.

After the plague came a **Great Fire**. It began in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, and burnt for six days before it could be put out. The king and the Duke of York were the foremost in setting the people to work and in saving lives. By their prudence and energy,

Westminster Abbey, the Tower, and the Temple, were saved, although the Temple caught fire twice. Three hundred and seventy-three acres within the walls were turned into heaps of smoking ruins and ashes; and hundreds of thousands of people were sent into the fields without a home, or clothes to cover them. King Charles exerted himself to the very utmost to help these poor people. He left off dancing and playing at cards, and went about himself to visit every part of the city, and give the people money and food and clothing; and the kind and good Duke of York went everywhere with him. It was such behaviour as this, which Charles always showed when he was roused from his slothful love of pleasure, that made him so universally and ardently beloved.

There were great troubles in Scotland during this reign. Charles sent one of his bad ministers there, named the Duke of Lauderdale, to govern the country; and he was determined to make the Presbyterians use exactly the same prayers as the English used, and to have bishops whom they hated. The Scotch were very angry with the duke, and the duke behaved very cruelly. He invented a new kind of torture, which was an iron boot, into which iron wedges were hammered, one after another, till the agony made the person who was tortured faint away. The cruel Duke of Lauderdale used to stand by and look on at these tortures, and make jests upon the people who suffered.

At last the most obstinate and desperate of the Scotch Covenanters went away with a man named Cameron to the mountains, where they prayed and sang psalms, and made all kinds of wild prophecies against King Charles and his cruel ministers. They were hunted about like wild beasts by a nobleman named Lord Dundee, who is better known by his name of James Graham of Claverhouse. He was one of the bravest and most accomplished gentlemen of those troublous times; but he was very cruel. He hunted the Cameronians, as they were called, day and night

among the mountains, and never spared one alive whom he took. He always rode upon a famous black horse, which had not a single white hair all over its body; and he and this beautiful horse did such wonderful deeds of bravery, that the superstitious Cameronians said that Lord Dundee had a charm from Satan, which prevented both him and his horse from being killed by common lead bullets. They therefore melted down silver buttons and shillings, and shot at him with them, but never killed him. Cameron was shot himself at last; and his followers were all either sent to prison, or forced to go as soldiers to Spain.

There is only one thing more to say about Charles II., that is, to tell you how he died. There had been, as usual, a great many quarrels between the ministers; and the king, as usual, was putting off from day to day settling whether to send away one of them or not, when he was taken ill. The poor queen, who loved him very much, was very unhappy, and then the Duke of York came and sat by his bed, without ever leaving him again. He watched for an opportunity when no one who was there could hear him, and then he asked the king if he would see a priest. Charles seized his brother's hand, and said, "For God's sake, send for one!" but he added afterwards, "but it will be dangerous for you." The duke said he did not care for that; and he brought into the king's room Father Hudleston, who had been at Moseley when Charles was hiding there after the battle of Worcester. The duke said to the king, "Sir, this worthy man once saved your life; now he is come to save your soul." The king then said to Father Hudleston, that he bitterly repented of all his sins, that he pardoned all his enemies, and was at peace with all men; and that if God spared his life now, he would try to amend it entirely. He then made his confession, and the priest anointed him, and gave him the Communion, and went away. After suffering great agonies of pain all through that long night, which he bore with perfect patience, Charles died the next day at noon.

XXXV.—TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS. (1688.)

The Duke of York was now become **King James II.** ; and although he had very often been badly treated by some of the ministers and by the House of Commons, who were afraid of him because he was a Catholic, he was proclaimed king without any opposition. The bells rang, cannon were fired, and all England seemed full of joy ; though they loved Charles so much as to be really sorry for his death. But King James was even more beloved still ; for besides that he was a much better man than Charles, he was very handsome and agreeable and good-natured, and had the frank bluff manners of an English sailor, which he was. No braver or better sailor, indeed, has ever been seen in England than James II. ; and whoever had seen him fight, either on land or at sea, was quite astonished to see such fearless courage.

James had first married Lady Anne Hyde, the daughter of Lord Clarendon, Charles II.'s wise minister. She was an ill-tempered woman, and no one liked her much. She had two daughters, Mary and Anne, about whom we shall know more hereafter. After Anne Hyde's death, James married the Princess of Modena. This Italian princess, whose name was **Mary Beatrice**, was the most beautiful and the most unfortunate of all the foreign wives of our English kings. She was only fifteen when she came to England ; and she was very unhappy at being made to leave her own beautiful Italy, to come to a country she had never even heard of, to be married to a husband whom she had never seen. But James went down to the beach, as his brother Charles had done, to meet his wife ; and when she found how kind and gentle and brave he was, she soon loved him very much.

When Charles died, and James became king, he and his queen were crowned together at Westminster Abbey ; and, as we have said, there was very great joy

all through the country. But the usual troubles of the unfortunate Stuart kings soon began again. Charles had left his brother a very troublesome legacy of bad ministers; the chief of whom were named Lord Sunder-



Landing of Monmouth.

land, Lord Halifax, and Lord Godolphin. They were bad men, without any principle, who seldom spoke the truth, and were secretly plotting against the king the

whole time of his reign. Besides these, there was also Lord Churchill, who afterwards became very famous.

James was so honest and truthful himself, and so affectionate, that he could not believe his ministers were deceitful; and he trusted every one belonging to him in the same generous but imprudent manner; especially his two sons-in-law, who afterwards behaved very unkindly to him. One of these was Prince George of Denmark who married Anne. He was a stupid, indolent prince, who was nicknamed at court *Est-il possible?* * because he was always asking this question. The other was the cold, selfish, Dutch Stadtholder, † William of Orange, who married the Princess Mary.

James had no son for a long time; and this caused a great many quarrels and plots. Many of the Protestants wished the **Duke of Monmouth** to be king, and he landed in Dorset with a few soldiers, gathered an army of peasants and miners, and marched into Somersetshire. But Lord Feversham and Lord Churchill gave him battle at **Sedgemoor**, and broke up his army. Monmouth fled, but was found hiding in a ditch half starved, with only a few dried peas in his pocket. He was taken to London, where he begged hard to speak to his uncle the king; but James would not forgive him, and he ordered him to be put to death.

The rebels were tried by the wicked judge **Jeffreys**, and a great many of them were hanged. The **Duke of Argyle**, who had promised to raise a rebellion in Scotland, was taken prisoner, and put to death also.

King James, after he had put down the rising, was very imprudent. In the first place, he built a large new chapel in Whitehall, where Mass was celebrated with great splendour. This offended and frightened the strong Protestant party in England. Next, he quarrelled with the established bishops, and sent seven of them to the Tower because they would not read in the churches some papers which he ordered to be

* "Is it possible?"

† Holland was then ruled by a sovereign called by this name, instead of king.

read. This was very foolish ; especially as two of these bishops, Dr. Sancroft and Dr. Ken, were not only good men, but were very zealous in upholding the king's authority, against the puritanical or Dutch party. But when they saw that he was bent upon forcing everything to give way to his wishes, they began to oppose him as they had never done before. James did another very imprudent thing in putting Catholics into every place of trust. He also gave great offence to all good men by his scandalous life, in which he imitated his brother Charles. It was a most strange and wicked delusion, for he had no pleasure in vice. He often said, when he had been feasting and visiting with some wicked companions, that he found every one tiresome except his own beautiful queen. In spite of his love for her, however, he would go away again ; and he made her very unhappy for a long time.

Soon after the king had sent the bishops to the Tower, a Prince of Wales was born ; and it would have been a good opportunity to have pardoned them. But the king would not ; he only set them free to be tried ; and this made the people very angry. And when they had been tried and found not guilty, there were bonfires made all over the country because the king had been beaten. This ought to have shown James how imprudent he was ; but he would not be stopped in his rash endeavour to make England a Catholic country again by force. To bring about this more quickly, James asked the Parliament to repeal a law which had been made some time, to the effect that none but members of the Establishment should hold any offices in England. This law was made to prevent Catholics from getting any power in the country. *Nonconformists*, or, as they are now called, *Dissenters*, were also forbidden under the same law to hold any office or place under Government, unless they took an oath that they were of the Established Protestant religion. This law was called the **Test Act**, because it was made to *test*, or try, who were Catholics and who were not.

King James wrote to the bishops, and did everything he could to get the Test Act repealed; but he could not persuade them to agree to this, and his son-in-law, the Dutch Stadtholder, said that he would bring an army against England, to support the Protestant cause. He fitted out ships, and raised soldiers very quietly, thinking that at last the time was come for him to be king of England. And that he might be more sure of the crown, he and Mary declared that the Prince of Wales was not really the queen's child, but an infant belonging to another person which the nurse had brought with her. This wicked lie was told and believed by most of the king's enemies. All the time William was doing this, Mary was pretending the greatest love and affection for her father, and writing the most false letters to Mary Beatrice, who besought of her to speak the truth now, and to say what the prince really intended. Anne went away about the same time, pretending that she was sick; but in reality that her father might be more completely betrayed.

XXXVI.—THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

At last James's false and unnatural children, and the base ministers who were helping them, obtained their end. William of Orange sailed towards England with a large fleet, but it was scattered to the winds by a violent storm, and he was obliged to go back again to Holland. Louis XIV., who loved James and his queen very much, begged of him to accept a fleet and army from him, to fight against William; and he did this because he knew that William would send away or persecute the English Catholics if he became king. But nothing would induce James to use the French ships or soldiers. He said if he could not fight with his own English soldiers, he would not fight at all. It was a great pity he did not fight, for he had by far the stronger army and the greatest number of friends. But this brave and fearless soldier was so unhappy at the trea-

chery of his ministers, whom he had trusted, and above all, of his children, whom he had loved so dearly, that he could only sit still, saying over and over again, "God help me! my own children have deserted me!" In the meantime William landed at Torbay, in the south of England, where several English gentlemen met him with their forces; while the false ministers went into the country, and excited the people into open rebellion. Still the people loved their lawful king so much, that very few, comparatively, joined the Dutch; and if James had collected his army then, he might easily have driven them back to Holland.

What made King James most unhappy was the cruelty of his daughters; and not only was his heart broken, but his head was so confused, that he did not know what he was doing. His great care was to send away the queen and the Prince of Wales, who were protected and taken to France by a French gentleman named De Lauzun, who had been sent by the French court to render what assistance he could to the royal family. This gentleman put the queen and her infant into a little boat at Westminster Bridge, and then took them in disguise to the coast, whence they sailed to France in a small vessel. The queen was dressed like a washer-woman, and the baby-prince was rolled up in a bundle of linen. In this way they passed through the whole Dutch fleet, and landed safely in France, where Louis XIV. received them with the most generous kindness, and gave them the palace at *St. Germain's* to live in.

Some time after, James resolved to go to France too; and though his friends told him that if he once went away, he would never be able to come back to England again, he persisted. This was exactly what William wanted; and he allowed him to escape without trying to prevent him. He went away in a small fishing vessel, as the queen had done, and suffered all manner of hardships and insults, which he bore with the greatest patience and cheerfulness. When the English people saw their dear king led down the river

by the Dutch guards, they sobbed and wept aloud; and kneeling down in crowds on the river's edge, they asked for his blessing. It was indeed a sad and sorrowful sight; and if his unnatural children had been there to see it, even their hard hearts must have melted. But William took care they should not be there. That very night he came to London; and the next morning Whitehall was full of Dutch soldiers, who forced the people to be quiet, and to give up speaking of King James.

James lived for some years at St. Germain's. He came once to Ireland with an army to try to get back his kingdom; but he lost the **Battle of the Boyne**, and he never came again. Great numbers of Irish, Scotch, and English followed him back to France, and lived at St. Germain's with him. They were called *Jacobites*, that is, friends of Jacobus or James. At one time he had a large body-guard of these brave and faithful friends, who were all gentlemen; and there is a beautiful story about them which is as follows:

After some time Louis XIV. thought it was not prudent to have such a large body of foreign soldiers in France, and he told James he must send them to be soldiers in the French army. Before he bade them good-bye, James ordered them to be drawn up in front of the palace, that he might review them once more himself; and when he had thanked each one of them for his faithful services, and shaken hands with them, he went back a little, and bowed to them all, with that graceful dignity for which the Stuarts were so celebrated. Then he went away; but he could not help coming back again, and bowing to them once more; and when he thought that these dear and loyal friends were going to leave him, and of how much they had suffered for his sake, he burst into a passion of tears. All the gentlemen knelt down, for they could only weep too, and then they got up and saluted their dear King James for the last time, as soldiers do; but no one could speak a word.

After living with his friends for some years at St. Ger-

mains, during which he seems to have deeply repented his past life, and to have made reparation for it by great piety, and many acts of charity and self-renouncement, King James died a good death, thanking God that He had taken his earthly crown from him, that he might know what the true happiness of an eternal crown in heaven is. Before he died, he sent for the prince, and spoke to him these beautiful and touching words: "I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being Almighty God's wish to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve Him with all your power, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, nor any liberty like His service. If His holy Providence shall think fit to seat you on the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. *Remember kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people.* Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues. Consider them as your children. You are the child of vows and prayers; behave yourself accordingly. Honour your mother, that your days may be long; and be always a kind brother to your dear sister, that you may reap the blessings of concord and unity."

King James was so passionately fond of his people, that even when the French were fighting for him against them, he delighted to hear that the English had won the battle; and once when they told him that the English fleet had been driven away by the French, he said, "Well, well, it is the first time, then!" In one great battle off **Cape La Hogue**, he stood by to see the English frigates, under **Admiral Rooke**, run into the very mouths of the French guns; and when he saw their desperate bravery, he cried out, "See, see my brave English!" This made the French say that he loved his enemies and hated his friends; and this saying, though a little exaggerated, might be applied with more or less truth to all the Stuart kings.

XXXVII.—WILLIAM AND MARY.

For some time after King James had left England, William of Orange was not proclaimed king. There were three parties who disputed together for a long time. The first wished the Prince of Wales to become king; the second wanted England to be a republic again, as it was under Oliver Cromwell, with William for Protector; and the third wanted William and Mary to be proclaimed king and queen of England. After a great deal of disputing, the last party (the leaders of which were Danby, Halifax, and Churchill) gained their point, and William and Mary were proclaimed.

There were several things, however, to be settled first. The Parliament had learned something by experience; and this time the Lords and Commons determined to make William swear to keep the promises of Magna Charta, so many of which had been forgotten. They wrote them down on a long sheet of parchment, which was called the **Declaration of Rights**, because all the rights of English subjects were written in it, and William was forced to sign it, very much against his will, for he wanted to be a second Oliver Cromwell. However, as he did not wish to sail back to Holland again, he signed it at last, and he and the cold-hearted Mary were crowned.

William of Orange had no right, either by descent or by law, to the throne of England; and before he could be proclaimed, and before the people could call him their king, the ministers were obliged to say that the English people had a right to change their king, when he used any power which the constitution had not given him. This was quite a new doctrine in England, and a dangerous one everywhere and at all times. The Protestant bishops were as much puzzled as the Parliament; for, at the Reformation, they had declared that the king was at the head of all spiritual and temporal power; and that one whom God had anointed could never be

harméd without a great crime being committed. And yet now they had allowed their king to be driven away, and robbed of his crown and kingdom, without raising a voice against it. Some of the bishops felt this difference between their actions and words so much, that several of them refused to sign the papers William sent to them, or to own him for their king. Among these was King James's friend, **Dr. Sancroft**, who was sent to prison. These bishops are always called the *Nonjurors*, because they would not take the oath the king asked of them.

Every one thought that Mary the Second would have shown some sorrow or sadness at coming and taking possession of her father's palace, and at seeing all his things, which he had left behind him, and which were still lying about in the rooms. He had been the kindest of fathers to her, and had always loved her the best among his children, so that even if she could not help being glad that her husband was king of England, we should have expected her to show a little sorrow for her dear father. But, on the contrary, Mary did nothing but run about the palace at Whitehall, looking at the furniture, and laughing, and talking loud, as if she was glad she had so many fine things, and could not think of anything else. Even her own friends, and the flatterers at court, who were all trying to get what they could, were disgusted with this heartless woman.

When King James heard that his daughter was actually crowned with the crown of which she had robbed him, he wrote her a terrible letter, in which he told her that the curse of an injured and betrayed father would certainly come upon her for her crime. William of Orange was frightened at this letter; but Mary said angrily, that "he had only himself to thank, for letting her father go." These cruel words were carried to the king at St. Germain's, and he exclaimed that his own children had now lost all compassion for him, and were ready to cry, "Away with him from the face of the earth!" After this, the Jacobite poets compared Mary

the Second to the Roman Tullia, the daughter of Tullius Hostilius, who drove over her father's body after he was dethroned; and the Scotch called her always in scorn, "*Mary the daughter.*"

William was liked still less than Mary. He was a little, peevish, ordinary-looking man, who spoke very little, and then only a few dry words. He smoked a great deal, and drank a great deal of Hollands gin, but never allowed any one to eat or drink with him but his own Dutch friends. If the English noblemen came in while he was at dinner, they were forced to stand behind his chair like so many footmen.

We have already heard that King James came to Ireland to try and get back his crown. This was during William and Mary's reign. Lord Tyrconnel, and most of the brave old Catholic Irish, joined him; and after the battle of the Boyne, they were most cruelly punished for it by the savage Dutchmen.

After the fall of **Limerick**, which, under **Sarsfield**, held out bravely for a long time, 20,000 brave Irishmen went abroad, and served in the French wars as the Irish Brigade.

In Scotland William behaved as cruelly. Our old friend **Bonnie Dundee** went into the Highlands, and raised an army to fight for King James. He won a great battle at **Killiecrankie**; but just at the end of it he was killed, and his soldiers were obliged to give up the struggle.

A day was fixed for the Highland chiefs to surrender at Edinburgh. One of them, **Macdonald of Glencoe**, did not come in time; so the king signed an order for his punishment. Captain Campbell, with 120 soldiers, marched to Glencoe, and pretended to be friendly; but after living and eating with the Macdonald clan for twelve days, the soldiers fell upon them of a sudden, and slew every man, woman, and child. This was the savage **Massacre of Glencoe**.

XXXVIII—THE EFFECTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

William was always at war somewhere or other. He did not think or care about anything else; and all the money that could be got out of his people, and all the gold and silver plate in Whitehall, which he had melted down, was spent in battles and sieges, which did no good to the country. So much money, indeed, was spent, that William was obliged to ask his Parliament to raise *loans*; that is, to borrow money from merchants and bankers, who were paid so much a year for lending it. The money that was borrowed and shot away by William has never been paid back again; and every year the Government, or rather the country, has to pay so much for his borrowing it. So we are none of us much obliged to William of Orange. These debts are called the **National Debt**. Most of William's wars were with Louis XIV. on the borders of France and Flanders, or what is now called Belgium. They were ended by the **Peace of Ryswick**, which was signed at Ryswick, in Holland. While he was away, he always left Mary to govern for him; and she governed very well. She was a clever and sensible woman, and very brave and determined. She amused herself, between whiles, with planting the gardens at Kensington, spoiling Hampton Court by turning it into a Dutch palace, stitching at every kind of fancy-work, and knitting fringe.

After six years' reign, Mary died of the small-pox. William, who had behaved very badly to her all her life, was extremely unhappy at her death. Her best friends were unhappy too; for she died at enmity with her sister, and without once confessing that she repented of her wicked conduct to her kind father. William lived seven years after Mary's death. He was killed by a fall from his horse at Hampton Court. No one loved him, therefore no one was sorry for his death.

The state of morals in this country was then altogether so bad, that there was scarcely a single book written in this "glorious" reign which can be read. All the books that were written were either bad plays and poems, or jesting stories and foolish tales, full of impurity and wickedness. Mary often went to see these wicked plays acted, and she made one of the worst of the play-writers * her poet-laureate, or court poet, instead of Dryden, who wrote better and purer poetry.

The more we look into the history of that time, the better we shall be able to judge the depth of moral misery and evil that had fallen upon it. The jails were full of abandoned wretches, huddled together without any order or discipline, and at night the very jailers themselves went out to steal. Every kind of cruelty, vice, and disorder was committed in these prisons, and every one who went in came out a great deal worse instead of better for his imprisonment. Mary tried a dreadful way of lessening thefts; but she only succeeded in taking the lives of a number of innocent persons, and encouraging still greater wickedness. Her plan was, to offer a sum of money to any one who should inform against a thief, which was called *blood-money*; and to get this money, many wicked men went and accused innocent persons, who were put to death. The most famous of those blood-seekers was Jonathan Wild, who boasted at his execution that he had taken the lives of *sixty-seven* persons. Another great cause of crime was the encouragement William gave to drinking gin and other distilled liquors, instead of beer, which soon became a frightful habit among the English and Irish poor.

There were no improvements in architecture or painting in this reign. William's only idea was to build heavy, ugly Dutch palaces, and to plant stiff Dutch gardens, in which the trees were cut into wigs, ducks, drakes, dragons, and every kind of monster; and Mary followed his tastes in every way. The last

* Shadwell.

good painter was Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was, like all the other men of talent of the time, a zealous Jacobite. The court-paintings afterwards became nothing but miserable daubs.

The English language was as much injured by the bad taste of the time as everything else; the sentences became, like the court, heavy and Dutch, and were stuffed with unnecessary conceited phrases.

The most useful thing done during this reign was issuing the new coinage. The money had become so light by being *clipped*—that is, by having pieces cut off the coins—that it was good for nothing. Mary recalled all the light money, and issued a new good coinage. She did this while William was away on some of his perpetual wars; so that she has the merit of this act of justice to her subjects.

It was Mary also who gave Greenwich Palace for an hospital for wounded sailors; and it has been ever since the noble **Greenwich Hospital**, where the brave sailors who were wounded, and lost their arms or legs in battle, have lived comfortably for the rest of their lives at their country's expense.

These are very nearly all the benefits our country received at William and Mary's hands; for in the **Bill of Rights**, which was the greatest benefit of the reign, they had no share.

XXXIX—LIFE IN ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS.

The England to which Charles II. returned after his weary exile was very different from the England of to-day. Vast tracts that are now covered with rich meadows and cornfields, and dotted with villages and pleasant country seats, were in those days wild moors or fens, with here and there a few straggling wood huts covered with thatch, that have since grown into manufacturing towns or seaports. Deer wandered in thou-

sands through the forests, and wild boars had ravaged the cultivated land up to the time of the civil war. Foxes were as plentiful as hares. The white-maned wild bull was to be found in the New Forest. Wild cats might be heard wailing at night round the woodman's solitary hut; and the marshes of the Fen district were covered at certain times of the year by immense clouds of cranes.

The northern counties, which had been for centuries the battle-ground between the English and Scotch, were for the most part a wilderness. The rich beds of coal, which have made those districts centres of wealth and industry, were not then worked. Bands of moss-troopers infested the north country, plundering the houses, and driving off the cattle; and no traveller ventured into those parts without first making his will. The entire population of England did not then much exceed five millions of people, while at the present day there are nearly four millions in London alone.

The people for the most part depended upon agriculture; and very few lived in towns. At the present day above a sixth part of the people live in provincial towns of more than thirty thousand inhabitants. In those times, no provincial town contained thirty thousand, and only four contained as many as ten thousand inhabitants.

The principal towns, next to London, were **Bristol**, the first English seaport, and **Norwich**, the first manufacturing town, each of which had a population of about twenty-nine thousand. **York**, the capital of the north; **Exeter**, the capital of the west; and **Worcester**, the queen of the cider-land, had none of them more than ten thousand inhabitants. The houses in these towns were built of wood and were thatched, while the streets were neither lit nor paved.

But the greatest changes have taken place in the manufacturing towns.

Manchester, now the richest manufacturing city in the world, in the time of Charles II. already manufac-

tured cotton, which was brought thither from Cyprus and Smyrna; but it did not produce as much in a year as it does now in forty-eight hours. It was then an ill-built market-town with less than six thousand people.

Leeds was even then the chief seat of the woollen manufacture, but it was only a straggling wooden town containing less than seven thousand souls. It was not until the present century that the first brick house, for long after called the Red House, was built.

Sheffield, which now sends forth its cutlery to the furthest ends of the earth, had from very early times manufactured rude knives. It consisted of a number of forges in a small market-town, which had grown up round an ancient castle by the side of a bleak moorland. There were not more than two thousand inhabitants dwelling there, of whom a third were half-starved and half-naked beggars.

Liverpool, the greatest seaport in the world, with its miles of docks and quays, traded even then with Ireland and with the sugar colonies. But it was little better than a straggling village, with a population of not more than four thousand, and maintained only about two hundred seamen.

Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and Buxton, were in those days the fashionable watering-places, though they were little better than a collection of wooden huts.

London, in the time of Charles II., was for the most part confined to what is now called the city, and contained about half-a-million inhabitants. Before the Great Fire, it was built almost entirely of wood and plaster, with streets too narrow to allow wheeled carriages to pass each other. After the fire, the houses were built of brick. Bankers, merchants, and tradesmen, who now live in suburban villas, and only attend the city during business hours, lived then in the heart of London, in stately mansions situated in gloomy courts, or in newly-built squares. The streets were wretchedly paved and drained, and in rainy weather streams of dirty water rushed down Ludgate Hill,

bearing the filth of the butchers' stalls into the Fleet Ditch.

The houses were not numbered. If they had been, the numbers would have been of little use, for scarcely any of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, or errand boys could read. The shops had carved or painted signs of Saracens' Heads, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs hung out, by which the common people were able to recognise them. Until the end of Charles II.'s reign the streets of London at night were in utter darkness, and bands of robbers plied their trade with little fear of detection; but afterwards, feeble lanterns were hung out on moonless nights from one house in every ten.

There were no roadways or canals in the country; and the roads were full of deep ruts, without hedgerows to mark them out from the fens and bogs over which they often crossed. In winter time the roads were often impassable, and at night travellers were in great danger of losing their way or falling among highwaymen. The highroad from Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that, in 1685, a viceroy going to Ireland was five hours in travelling fourteen miles. The rich mostly travelled in their own carriages, and stage coaches ran between London and the principal towns.

The post-office service was of a very rude description. There was daily communication between London and a few of the towns such as Bath and Tunbridge Wells, but in distant parts of England letters were received only once a week. The post bags were carried on horseback day and night, at the rate of five miles an hour. The charge for conveying a letter was twopence for eighty miles, and threepence for a greater distance.

There were no daily newspapers in the time of the Stuarts. The "London Gazette" was published twice a week, but it consisted only of a single sheet, and contained the most meagre information. The news of the day could always be picked up in the coffee-houses, where it was the custom to meet and discuss the topics of the time. The newsvendor, passing from one coffee-

house to another would gather all the information he could, and write a weekly "Newaletter," which was despatched to the country, and eagerly read by the gentry and clergy of the provincial towns.

There were no newspapers in the provinces. Except in London and at the universities, there was scarcely a printer in the kingdom. The only printing press north of the Trent was at York.

The working classes during the Stuart period were far worse off than they are now. Agricultural labourers earned four shillings, woollen weavers less than five shillings, and mechanics about six shillings a week. Flesh-meat and ale were cheaper, but bread, coals, and all articles of clothing, were much dearer than they are now. Little children of six years' of age were sent to work in the wool mills. And while the poor weavers were half-starved on the miserable pittance which they earned by long hours of labour, the master clothier ate, slept, and idled, growing rich by the exertions of the poor.

XL.—BATTLE OF BLENHEIM. (1704.)

When William and Mary were dead, Anne became the peaceful possessor of the crown. We have spoken of her before; and there is not much need to describe a face which we have all seen so often, in pictures and statues, in town-halls and other public buildings. She was very fat and broad, like her mother; and very fond of eating, like her sister Mary. Her face was kind and good-natured, and she had a very sweet melodious voice, which made it pleasant to hear her speak.

As has been said before, Anne was a very ignorant woman; and her understanding had never been cultivated or improved; so that she spent most of her time in gossiping, card-playing, and dressing. The chief history of her reign belongs to her ministers and

generals, and not to her ; for she was all her life only a cipher, or, as she most justly called herself, a "crowned slave."

She had a great favourite, whom she had raised from a low rank, and married to Lord Churchill. This favourite's name was Sarah Jennings, and her husband was made Duke of Marlborough, by Anne. This Duchess of Marlborough, who was one of the proudest and fiercest women ever known, ruled Queen Anne in all things. She managed all the state affairs, gave away all the places and offices at court, and spent the queen's money just as she chose. She was so proud and passionate and ungrateful, that she treated her kind and too indulgent mistress with open contempt. Although she had heaped favours upon her, she spoke ill of her and misrepresented her character in the blackest manner. Certainly Anne could expect little that was good from so bad and ungovernable a woman ; but Lady Marlborough's conduct embittered and saddened her whole life.

The fierce Duchess had a friend named Lord Godolphin, who was one of her ministers, and a very mischievous one. Godolphin and the Duke, or rather the Duchess, of Marlborough were both Whigs, and, with one or two others, were the heads of the Whig party. Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Shaftesbury, and Harley were the heads of the Tory party. The Whigs wished the Elector of Hanover to be Anne's successor ; the Tories wished to restore the crown to James, the son of their Stuart king James II. In this the Tories were just and right ; but as men, it is difficult to say which side was the most profligate and corrupt. Lord Bolingbroke was a man of the most extraordinary genius and talents, and a beautiful writer ; but he was, also, an open infidel. Lord Shaftesbury was the same ; and both of them were bad and dishonest ministers.

Louis XIV., whose conquests had been spreading on every side of France, at last began a war with Austria, and tried to get possession of Vienna and Bavaria. The English were afraid that this great king would really

conquer the whole of Europe ; and they sent the Duke of Marlborough with an army to help the Austrians. The Austrian general was named Prince Eugene ; and he was a very pious and excellent man, as well as being one of the greatest generals of modern times.

The Duke of Marlborough's success was most ex-



Battle of Blenheim.

traordinary. He very soon forced the French to leave Flanders ; and although Louis's generals, Marshal Villeroy and Marshal Tallard, were both brave and celebrated soliers, they were obliged to give up Bavaria very soon after ; and at the Battle of Blenheim the

French were completely routed and beaten, and their fine army broken to pieces. There were three other great battles fought, at Oudenarde, Ramilies, and Malplaquet, which Marlborough won; and he afterwards took Bouchain, which Marshal Villars thought could never be taken, and which opened the way directly into the heart of France. The same year that Blenheim was won, Admiral Rooke took Gibraltar from the Spaniards.

Marlborough's splendid victories saved Austria; but they did very little good to England. The French composed a song called *Malbruk*, which immortalised the fame of the great soldier; and the English nation gave him a magnificent palace, and a park near Woodstock, which was called Blenheim, to commemorate the greatest of his victories. But the taxes pressed very much heavier upon the people, and the national debt, William of Orange's legacy, was increased. And certainly, if the people were not benefited by these, which are called "splendid victories," the poor queen was still less so. She remained in complete subjection to her rival ministers Harley and Godolphin, and was harassed by their perpetual home-battles, and by the still more petty and miserable squabbles of her fierce tyrant, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

At last Harley told her that the Duchess was queen instead of herself, which made Anne angry, and she sent away the Duchess, and would not allow her to have a place at court, or to see her again. Then the Duke of Marlborough and Godolphin were no longer ministers; but Harley and Bolingbroke, the Tory ministers, took their places. This was what, for so many years, these ambitious and dishonest men had been plotting for. But just as every one thought that now the young Stuart prince would be named Anne's successor, the queen fell very ill, and died before the ministers could get her to say that she would perform this act of justice. As she had already said that her cousin George of Hanover should be king after her, Harley and Bolingbroke were obliged to give way; and they

lost the power which they had been coveting all their lives, and for which they had committed so many bad actions, after they had enjoyed it only three days.

XLI.—THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1. It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he, before his cottage door,
 Was sitting in the sun ;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.
2. She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found :
 He came to ask what he had found—
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.
3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh—
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory.
4. "I find them in the garden ;
 For there's many here about ;
 And often, when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out :
 For many a thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."
5. "Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin, he cries ;

"And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes :
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

6. "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
 I could not well make out :
But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory.
7. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by.
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
And knew not where to rest his head.
8. "With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide ;
And many a loving mother then,
 And tender infant died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.
9. "They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies there
 Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.
10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he ;
 "It was a famous victory ;

11. And everybody praised the duke,
 Who such a fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."
 —*Southey.*

XLII.—THE UNION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. (1707.)

One very useful thing was done in Anne's reign; and as it put an end to many quarrels and jealousies, it was a lasting benefit to our country. This was the **Union of Scotland with England** by Act of Parliament. When James I. came to the throne, Scotland ceased to be a separate country from England. It had the same king and government as England; but still it had not the same laws; and the Scots complained very much when they were obliged to obey the English laws instead of their own.

With Anne's consent, her ministers and Parliament ordered that the Scots should now obey the same laws as the English people; or wherever this was not possible or advisable, from the different habits and circumstances of the two countries, that the Scots should be excused from obeying some particular laws. The Scottish members of Parliament looked after their countrymen, and took care to mention in Parliament whenever they found that any new law was bad for their country; so that the Scots found themselves really much better off after the Legislative Union than they were before it. Some of the Scottish gentlemen, however, were very unhappy, because they loved to keep up the particular customs and national habits of Scotland; and among these, **Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun** was the foremost. When the Union Act was signed, he exclaimed with bitter tears, that "Scotland was sold by traitors, and

that now it was not fit for honest men to live in!" And then he got on his horse, and left his home at Saltoun, and went to die as an exile in France. He never came back to Scotland again. In the end, however, people generally were glad that the Legislative Act of Union had been passed.

Anne was a very kind and charitable queen to the poor. She had less money than any queen of England ever had before; but she spent so little of it upon herself, that she was able to pay her sister's debts, and to give away a great deal every year to distressed tradesmen, and old servants and soldiers. All the poor loved her very much indeed, and they always called her "Good Queen Anne." And if, as is certain, there is no better queen than one who loves and cherishes her *poor* subjects, and wins the blessings of those who have no court to pay her, and no rich presents to offer her, we must declare that the reign of the ignorant and homely Queen Anne was a great benefit. And all the misery she suffered from her insolent women and her miserable ministers, which must have made her shed many bitter tears in private, did not sour or narrow her kind and charitable heart.

There is a droll story told of her, which shows her kindness in entering into the ways and feelings of her subjects, and this will be a very fit place for it.

Prince George of Denmark, the queen's husband, went once to pay a visit to Bristol; and when he had looked at the chief buildings of the city he went on the Exchange, where the Bristol merchants transact their business. All the rich merchants looked at the prince, who had only one officer with him; and either because they did not feel sure of his being Prince George, or because they were too shy to speak to so great a personage, they all finished their business and went away without any of them asking him to dine with them.

There was only one inferior merchant left, named John Duddlestone; and when the honest man saw that all his grand companions were gone, and the prince was

left alone, he felt that it was very inhospitable. So he went up to the prince, and said that he heard he was the queen's husband, and that he was sure it was only because they were too bashful that his brother-merchants had not asked him to dinner. He added, that he was only a poor plain man, but that if Prince George would go home with him and dine upon roast beef and plum-porridge, he was heartily welcome. The prince was pleased with this frank invitation, and he went home with John Duddleston. When they got to the house John cried out, "Dame, dame! come down I say, and put on a clean apron, for the queen's husband is come to dine with us!" So down accordingly came Dame Duddleston in a clean blue apron, and the prince feasted with this honest pair. When he went away, Prince George invited John and his dame to come and dine with him at Windsor Castle, and bade them good-bye, with many thanks. Some time after, John actually went to London on horseback, and took his wife behind him. They dined with the queen and prince; and after dinner the queen bade John Duddleston kneel down, when she struck him with the *accolade*, or stroke of knighthood, and imitating his wife's manner of speaking, said to him, "*Ston up, Sir Jan!*"

Besides the ambitious Duke of Marlborough, and his fierce revengeful duchess (who was an open infidel), and the profligate group of ministers, there were several other remarkable persons in this reign who were writers as well as courtiers. Swift was among the boldest, cleverest, but coarsest of these. Addison wrote very beautiful prose, and his papers in the *Spectator* will always be among the English classics. Pope was the greatest poet of the time; and among the best of his works is his version of Homer. Dr. Johnson, the author of the well-known dictionary, also wrote many works, amongst others the *Rambler*, a series of weekly papers. Sir Christopher Wren was a famous architect who planned St. Paul's Cathedral, and rebuilt other churches in London, that had been burned down in the great fire.

Among the admirals was **Admiral Rooke**, who took Gibraltar; and it has belonged to the English ever since Queen Anne's time. Although it is so far off, it is very valuable to us, because, as it is on a very high



St. Paul's Cathedral.

rock and strongly fortified, and as the strait is narrow, the soldiers in the fort can prevent ships from passing in or out of the Mediterranean Sea.

Great numbers of ships are passing all day through the Straits of Gibraltar, bringing currants, and oranges, and almonds, and silk, and many other goods from Greece and Italy, so that it is very useful for us to have this *key*, as it is called, to keep open or shut the sea in case of war. This was the only useful conquest in Queen Anne's reign.

XLIII.—THE REBELLION OF 1715.

TABLE OF HANOVERIAN SOVEREIGNS.

	<i>Relation to last king.</i>	<i>Reign.</i>
George I. .	Great-grandson to James I. .	1714-1725.
George II. .	Son	1725-1760.
George III. .	Grandson	1760-1820.
George IV. .	Son	1820-1830.
William IV. .	Brother	1830-1837.
Victoria . .	Grandaughter of George III. .	1837.

The newly restored Whig ministers sent a message to the Elector of Hanover as soon as Anne was dead, begging of him to come to England as quickly as he could. It was not in the Elector's nature, however, to do anything quickly, and it was seven weeks before he got to his new kingdom, where he was proclaimed king as **George I.** It must be remembered that James I. had a daughter Elizabeth, who married Frederick the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. They had a daughter named Sophia, who married the Elector of Hanover; George I. was this Elector's son; he was, therefore, the great-grandson of James I. The first thing George did was to choose a new set of ministers; and to everybody's surprise the ambitious, soft-voiced Duke of Marlborough was not one of them. One of the chief among the new ministers was **Sir Robert Walpole**, who was witty and accomplished. He cannot, however, be called either a good man or an honest statesman.

On the Tory side the leaders were Lord Bolingbroke

and a great friend of his, whom he made as bad as himself. His name was Sir William Wyndham; he was a most celebrated orator, and his speeches in the English Parliament will always be remembered for their wit and beauty. It mattered very little what ministers governed the country then; for ever since the time of Charles II. there had been scarcely one honest minister, or scarcely even one honest member of Parliament. They were not ashamed to take money openly from any one who would pay them; and unless they had pensions and presents given them, they would not vote, or do their duty as members. Some of them even were base enough to take money from the king and from the Jacobites too, so that they betrayed each party by turns. We cannot but feel ashamed to hear such things of the noblemen and gentlemen of our country; and look back to the happy times of old England, when the just and noble Eoldermen used to meet in King Alfred's Witan, or when the brave barons used to sit round the Plantagenet kings, all together trying, "with pure hands and a clean heart," to cause justice to be done throughout the land.

The profligate ministers of George I. thought very little about these things. Their chief ambition was to become rich; and to do this they helped a number of dishonest merchants, and very foolish people, to set on foot a speculation called "**the South Sea Scheme**," by which they proposed to get a great treasure of wealth in the South Sea Islands and South America. Every one ran to join in this foolish project, which soon became a kind of madness. Whole families sold their property, and lent the money to the South Sea Company, expecting to gain enormous fortunes. But very soon the Company became bankrupt; and thus, not only a great number of the people were ruined, but the nation became bankrupt; that is to say, the public debts could not be paid, and the distress was very shocking. Lord Sunderland, the minister who was the most to blame, was not punished, though he was proved guilty.

To add to the distress, there was a civil war for a little while. **Prince James**, who was generally called the Chevalier St. George, landed in Scotland, and soon collected an army round him to try to get back his crown. Lord Mar was his chief friend in Scotland, and Lord Derwentwater and Lord Nithsdale helped him in England. The prince was proclaimed king as James III., at Scone, and for a little while every one thought he really would be king. But Lord Mar was beaten at **Sheriffmuir**, and Lord Derwentwater at **Preston** in Lancashire on the same day; and the prince sailed back again to France. Before he went he sent a letter to the Duke of Argyle, who had been his chief opposer, with all the money he had left; and asked him to divide it among some poor people whose cottages he had burned. It was like the son of kind King James and Mary Beatrice to behave in so noble and charitable a manner. This is called the **Rebellion of 1715**.

George I. behaved neither nobly nor charitably, but with great cruelty. He condemned all the noblemen who had fought for the prince to be put to death, and all the common people to be put in prison. All the prisons in the north of England were filled with these unfortunate people, who suffered the most cruel and inhuman hardships. The prisons were filthy and unwholesome dens, where even an animal could scarcely live, and men were often left to die of hunger in the greatest misery. Very many of these poor wretches were taken out of prison to be hung and quartered; and perhaps this was the greatest act of George's mercy. Lady Derwentwater and several other ladies went and threw themselves at his feet to beg the pardon of the condemned lords, but George would not hear them. When the brave and good Lord Derwentwater was led to execution, he prayed for the restoration of the ancient Stuart line; and when they offered him his life, if he would leave his faith, he answered that he would rather die a thousand deaths than forsake the true religion; and kneeling down, he repeated three times, "Dear Jesus,

be merciful to me!" and his head was cut off at one blow. The people gave a loud groan when they saw he was dead, for he was Charles II.'s grandson, and very much beloved.

Lord Nithsdale escaped through the courage and ingenuity of his brave wife, who took another lady, whom she called her maid, in two suits of clothes with her to the prison. When the gaoler was gone, Lord Nithsdale put on the suit of clothes, which the lady wore, over his own; and his wife went away with the sham lady, who pretended to cry very much, that she might hide her face in her handkerchief. By this means he escaped to France.

By his harshness and want of mercy, George I. made himself more and more disliked by every one. At last he had very few friends. His coarse brutal manners, his ignorance of English, which he never took any pains to learn, and his contempt of the laws and constitution of his own kingdom, offended the noblemen and gentlemen; and his profligate life and habits of drunkenness made every one sorry and ashamed for him. He had a good and kind wife, named *Sophia* of Zell, whom he shut up in a castle in Germany for seventeen years, because some wicked people had accused her of crimes which she had never committed; and he was always quarrelling with his son, the Prince of Wales.

Nothing succeeded well in this reign. A great league was made between some of the chief kings of Europe, in which Spain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia united against England. The English sent Sir Charles Wager to blockade the Russian fleet at Revel, but he did not succeed. Another fleet was sent against Spain; but the ships all decayed at anchor, for the sailors died of fever. The admiral of this unfortunate fleet was Admiral Hosier, who died with his men; and many beautiful sea-songs are still sung about him and *Portobello*, where he and his poor sailors died.

At last George I. died a miserable death. His poor wife wrote him a letter just before she died, in which

she called upon him to meet her before the Judgment-seat of God; and this letter was given to him when he was in Germany, just as he was setting out in his coach



Last Ride of George I.

to go to Osnaburg. It struck him so much with horror and remorse, that it threw him into a fit, and when the coach stopped at Osnaburg he was dead.

XLIV.—WAR OF THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION.

The Prince of Wales succeeded his father as **George II.** He had greater talents and industry than his father, and a better disposition; but he lived quite as profligate a life. Walpole was made prime minister, and continued all his dishonest practices, in which he was joined by his brother-ministers. Sir William Wyndham and Mr. Pulteney were the opposition ministers; that is, the ministers who chiefly were at the head of the other party.

There was much war abroad in this reign. One of the wars was called the **War of the Austrian Succession.**

The Emperor of Austria, Charles VI., died, and left only a daughter, named **Maria Theresa.** He asked the kings of Europe to promise and acknowledge her as his successor, and they agreed to it by a treaty which is called by the hard name of the Pragmatic Sanction. But when Charles was dead, the kings were base enough to break the treaty, and to take slices of Maria Theresa's dominions for themselves. She was obliged to fly to Hungary. There she went into the Hungarian Parliament as the nobles were all assembled, with her little boy in her arms, and said to them: "Hungarians, I have nothing to trust to but your faithfulness, and I am come with my son, to place myself in your keeping." When they saw their beautiful and good empress, without a friend to fly to, or a place to put her child in safety, and knew that she had base enemies on every side of her, the brave and chivalrous Hungarian nobles drew their swords, and as they clashed them together, they shouted out, "We will die for our *king* Maria Theresa!"

England was the only country generous enough to help Maria Theresa and her brave Hungarians. An army was sent, which beat the French at the battle of Dettingen, and soon afterwards in some other places,

so that she was firmly seated on her father's throne. King George II. in person led the troops at Dettingen (1743), and it was the last battle in which an English king ever fought.

There was also war in England. Prince James was dead ; but he had married a Polish lady, and they had two sons, one of whom was named **Charles Edward**,



Battle of Preston Pans.

and the other Henry. Henry became a priest and went to Rome, where he was made a Cardinal, and is always called Cardinal York. He lived to be very old, and died at Rome. Charles Edward came to Scotland, to try to get back the English crown. He was a very handsome and pleasing young man, very gentle and kind and good ; but it was a pity that he came, for now the House of Hanover was firmly seated on the throne,

and most people wished for peace and quiet, that they might plough their land, and reap their corn, and give their children bread, for the long and continual wars and disturbances had caused great distress.

Charles Edward went and lived in the palace at Holyrood in Scotland for some time just like a king. There the nobles gathered round him, and he raised a considerable army. He then came to Preston Pans, where he gained a complete victory over Sir John Cope, who was sent against him. He even came as far as Derby: but he found that few espoused his cause, and he went back again to Culloden, where his army was quite cut to pieces by the Duke of Cumberland. He escaped with great difficulty, and was hidden for a long time in the hills and caves of Scotland. At last he escaped through the courage of Flora MacDonald, a very brave and beautiful young lady, who called him her servant, and rode with him a long way in disguise, till he could get to the seashore, and go back to France, where he died. A great many beautiful Scotch songs were written about "Prince Charlie;" and for a long time the Scotch drank his health as "Charlie over the water." Nothing could quench their faithful untiring love for the old line of the Stuart kings. This was the Rebellion of '45.

The Duke of Cumberland, who was George's second son, behaved with the most disgusting cruelty after the battle of Culloden. He set up whole lines of gibbets along the roads, and left the poor people hanging on them. A whole district, for fifty miles, was burnt entirely barren; so that neither men, nor women, nor children, nor cattle, nor corn, were left upon it. The prisons were crammed with the miserable inhabitants, who were condemned to be hanged, torn asunder, and their hearts thrown into the fire. All who escaped this cruel death were shipped on board transport vessels, and sold as slaves in the West Indies. It is scarcely to be believed that such atrocious outrages were committed in England only a century ago; but it

is still more difficult to believe that Englishmen could sit in Parliament and see such things done, without daring to lift a voice to protest against them. One Scotchman only was found, named **Duncan Forbes**, to speak in honest indignation; and he was so ill treated in consequence, that he died of a broken heart.

XLV.—WAE'S ME¹ FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

1. A wee bird cam' to our ha'² door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye³ the o'ercome⁴ o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonnie soun'⁵
The tears cam' happin'⁶ rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.
2. Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt⁷ o' dool⁸ an' sorrow?"
"Oh no, no, no," the wee bird sang;
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic⁹ a day o' wind and rain—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
3. "On hills that are by right his ain¹⁰
He roves a lanely stranger,
On every side he's pressed by want,
On every side is danger;

¹ *Wae's me*, Woe is me.

² *Ha'*, hall.

³ *Aye*, always, ever.

⁴ *O'ercome*, the burden, or part of the song which is repeated again and again.

⁵ *Soun'*, sound.

⁶ *Happin'*, hopping, dropping down.

⁷ *Lilt*, a song

⁸ *Dool*, dull sorrow.

⁹ *Sic'*, such.

¹⁰ *Ain*, own.

Yestreen ¹ I met him in a glen,
 My heart maist ² bursted fairly,
 For sadly changed indeed was he—
 Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

4. "Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
 Loud o'er the hills and valleys,
 An' whare was't that your Prince lay down,
 Whase hame should been a palace ?
 He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
 Which covered him but sparely,
 An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
 Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

5. But now the bird saw some red-coats,³
 An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
 "Oh ! this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer."
 He hovered on the wing a while
 Ere he departed fairly ;—
 But weel I mind the fareweel strain
 Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie !"
—W. Glen.

XLVI.—THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR. (1756–63.)

And now happily a better minister appeared, who, although his motives might be mixed with ambition, still really loved his country, and employed all his great energies and talents for what he honestly thought its good. This was **William Pitt**, Lord Chatham, who joined the opposition against Walpole; and having taken office with the Duke of Newcastle, became in the end prime minister himself. Lord Chatham was one of the most powerful and brilliant orators that have

¹ *Yestreen*, yesterday evening.

² *Red-coats*, English soldiers.

³ *Maist*, almost.

been known in this country. It is strange, that although scarcely a fragment of any of his speeches remains,—for speeches in Parliament were not allowed to be written down then as they are now,—yet still the remembrance of his majestic attributes, his beautiful voice, his eagle eye, and the overpowering torrent of indignant scorn with which he overwhelmed every dishonest or petty opponent, will never be forgotten.

Under Lord Chatham, the foreign bands of German and Hessian troops which the Hanoverian kings brought in reality to enslave England, were for ever disbanded, and instead of these, militia were raised all through the country. These were farmers, shopkeepers, and peasants, who were commanded by the noblemen and gentlemen of their own counties, whom they knew and loved; and they were obliged to serve for ten years. The people were very glad to do this for their beloved country, and to get rid of the hated foreigners; and they loved Lord Chatham for trusting the defence of their country to themselves.

He managed the foreign wars, also, much better than the former ministers, whose dishonesty was to blame if our armies or navies were ever beaten. They had given the command of the ships and regiments of soldiers to young men who knew nothing about fighting or managing a vessel, because they were their own cousins, or uncles, or brothers, or of noble family. It was quite enough then for a young officer to be related to some great man in office, to become a commander, no matter how badly he behaved. The brave old officers who were not nobly born were never rewarded; and they were not employed when they ought to have been, and often died in great poverty and neglect. Lord Chatham said that this should be no longer the case; and he took great pains to find out the really good and brave officers in the army and navy; and when their abilities had been proved, he gave them the command of ships and regiments, whether they were well born or not. This act of justice not only made the people love

him still more, and benefited numbers of brave and honest men, but it also made our armies and navies much better than they were before ; for bad generals and admirals always make bad soldiers and sailors.

This led to new conquests. It must be remembered that in Elizabeth's reign a number of merchants obtained leave to settle in a part of India, and to govern it under the queen ; and that they were afterwards called the East India Company.

In George II.'s reign some other merchants thought they would like to have a share in the trade with that rich country ; and they went and traded in India without asking leave of the East India Company, who went to war with them, and many Englishmen were killed by their own countrymen, for the sake of a little money. After a while, however, they agreed to join their money together, and to call themselves the United East India Company, which till lately continued to exist. This new company began to conquer a good many of the native chiefs, who were called nabobs and rajahs. The man who did most towards conquering India was a clerk in the East India Service—Bob Clive, who rose to be a great general, and became Lord Clive.

When war broke out with France, the East India Company had the French to fight with as well as the Indians ; for France had several important settlements in India, especially at Pondicherry and Trichinopoli. Lord Clive beat them and their brave general Lally so completely, that the French had not a single settlement left in India.

The name of the Indian viceroy was **Surajah Dowlah**, a cruel and bad man. He marched suddenly upon the English in Calcutta at a time of peace, and cutting a good many of them to pieces, shut one hundred and forty-six men up in a room, twenty feet square, called the **Black Hole**. The wretched men were soon raving mad, and began to fight with one another to get room to stand by two little slits in the wall, which were the only air-holes. In the morning only twenty-three ghastly

men staggered out of this dreadful prison; and one hundred and twenty-three dead bodies lay upon the floor.

Lord Clive beat Surajah in a great battle at **Plassey**, (1757), and did wonderful deeds of courage and ingenuity. He beat the Indians so completely, and frightened them so much, that they always called him "the Daring in War." Then at last Surajah was assassinated by some of his own countrymen; and the English gained a great deal of his territory, and made peace with the natives. It is sad to think that the enormous riches gained in this war, and the treasures of gold and precious stones, and rich stuffs and furniture, which were brought to England, were not all fairly and honestly gained. It is very sad to think what treachery and cruelty our countrymen were guilty of there. Lord Clive brought an immense fortune home with him; but he was never happy, and soon put an end to his life.

The English and French were at war also in North America, where both nations had colonies. Pitt sent out a young general named **Wolfe** to take command of the troops. Wolfe crossed the river St. Lawrence and prepared to attack Quebec. **Montcalm** the French general was on the look-out for him, but the English general took his army across the river by night in boats, and climbed a steep hill, called the Heights of Abraham, outside Quebec.

In the morning the French and English fought a great battle on the **Plains of Abraham**, in which both generals lost their lives, and the English gained the victory. As Wolfe lay dying on the field, he heard some one cry, "They run! they run!" "Who run?" he asked. "The French!" was the reply. "Then I die happy!" said he, and spoke no more. When Montcalm was told that he had but a few hours to live, "It is well," he said, "for I shall not see Quebec surrendered to the British." Next year the whole of Canada was handed over to the English, to whom it has belonged ever since.

Just as England was victorious over all her enemies, George II. died suddenly at Kensington.

XLVII.—THE AMERICAN WAR. (1775-83.)

The king who succeeded George II. was his grandson. Frederic, the Prince of Wales, died : and the cruel Duke of Cumberland, who fought with "Prince Charlie," died too ; so the son of Prince Frederic of Wales succeeded, and was called **George III.** He was very unlike his grandfather and great-grandfather. He was a good man, who lived quietly and happily with his queen ; and was very kind and charitable to every one who was in distress, or whoever applied to him for help. He was, too, born in England, and brought up like an English gentleman, which was a very good thing for the country. His reign was a very long one—sixty years long ; and so many important things happened in it, that it must be divided into several chapters. The first will be about the American War.

It has been said before, that while Elizabeth reigned, Sir Walter Raleigh planted colonies in America ; and during James I.'s reign, a great many of the Puritan party left England, and went with their families to settle in America. Sir Walter Raleigh called that part of America which he colonised, **Virginia** ; and the Puritans called what they peopled, **New England**. In the reign of Charles II. a very good Quaker, named **William Penn**, went and settled in another part of America, which was called after him **Pennsylvania**. All these colonies had grown prosperous and rich and powerful, had their own habits and customs, grew a great deal of corn, and had several useful manufactures.

The wars in which England was engaged cost a great deal of money ; and the ministers thought it would be a good plan to tax the American colonies to pay for these wars. The colonists thought it was not fair to tax them for wars which did them no good ; and they refused to pay the money. There were great disturbances for a long time in America about these taxes ; and for a while George III. and his ministers were so

busy making peace with the rest of Europe, that they did not see what was going on, and what mischief they were doing. At last peace was really made, and was called the **Peace of Paris**. It was settled at this peace that England was to keep the Canadas, all the islands in the St. Lawrence, many others in the West Indies, and Minerca. The French were to take back some of their towns in India, but they were to build no forts; and they were to catch as many codfish as they pleased at Newfoundland, while the English were to cut logwood whenever they wanted it.

This was a very fair arrangement; and when it was made, the English ministers began to think of putting down the disturbances in America. But this was not so easily done. Lord North, who was then one of the ministers, was so foolish as to send a shipload of tea to Boston in America, and soldiers to force the people to buy the tea, and pay the tax upon it. The Boston people were so angry at this, that they threw all the tea into the sea; and while it was swimming in the bay, they covered the officers with tar and feathers; which is a cruel and brutal punishment the Americans were very fond of.

As soon as the ministers and people in England heard of this behaviour, they got a large army together, and said that war should be declared instantly with the rebellious colonies. But the best and most just of the ministers said that it was a bad and unjust war, and that it would disgrace our country for ever. Lord Chatham was the foremost to condemn it. He was very old and very ill; but he came into the House of Lords, and spoke with his usual indignant and startling energy. "I rejoice," he said, "I rejoice that the Americans have resisted injustice and oppression! Three millions of men so slavish and degraded as they must have been *not* to have resisted, would have been enough to make slaves of us all!" Afterwards, in a voice of thunder, and an eye which made every one shrink, he spoke the memorable words, which will always be



Throwing tea overboard in Boston Harbour.

quoted for their eloquent power : "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, I would never cease from my efforts, nor rest for one moment from my toil, till the last British soldier had left the American shore : no, never !" Another great statesman, Mr. Burke, took the same side as Lord Chatham, and spoke strongly against this unjust and foolish war ; but the rest of the ministers and members of Parliament seemed to be too much degraded by long profligacy and dishonesty to be able to understand them, or to care to listen to them.

The Americans sent **Benjamin Franklin** to England to talk with the ministers, and to try to get the unjust taxes repealed. Franklin was a plain honest printer, very simple and straightforward ; but an acute and learned man. He was shocked and disgusted by the cold flippant manner in which the interests of his country were treated ; and he went back to America and said that their only hope now was in war. The colonists had been, on the whole, very patient. They had done all they could to get a full hearing, and to represent their case respectfully to their king and the Parliament of their mother country. But when they found that no attention was paid them, and that they were looked upon as a handful of ungrateful men, whose case was too contemptible to be attended to, they prepared for war with the greatest courage and energy. The men who led them were chiefly Jefferson, Henry, and two Adams's ; but the greatest and the best was **George Washington**.

Two important battles were fought at **Lexington** and **Bunker's Hill**, in which the English lost a great many soldiers. Lord Clinton and Lord Howe were the English generals. There was another, named General Burgoyne, who was obliged to surrender to the Americans at **Saratoga**.

This was sad news for England. The ministers had affected to despise the colonists ; but the truth is, they were so ignorant of the matter, that they knew nothing

whatever of General Washington, who was an excellent man and a good general.

When the surrender of Saratoga was known, the French remembered Pondicherry, and the Spaniards thought of Gibraltar, and they both rejoiced, and made a treaty to help the Americans. When this was known, some of the base men who had been so eager for war with the colonies began to be frightened, and to talk of making peace. This was too much for Lord Chatham. He was on a sick-bed—on his death-bed; but he got up, and was carried into the House of Lords, when his still piercing eye made all the cowards tremble; and again he said, "I rejoice, I rejoice that the grave has not yet closed over me, and that I can stand forth again in my country's cause, and lift my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy. If we cannot keep peace with honour, why do we hesitate to declare war? If we must fall, let us fall like men." The Duke of Richmond attempted to answer him, and Lord Chatham rose once more. His eye kindled, he trembled with emotion; but his strength failed; and he sank back fainting. He had spoken his last words.

Never was this great statesman so needed as when his remains were laid in Westminster Abbey. Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, joined in an armed neutrality, which meant really an enmity. Holland soon joined the neutrality; and they all combined in carrying war-stores to America to fight against England.

A great many brave admirals and generals were sent from England; among whom were Admirals Rodney, Hood, and Drake, and Lord Cornwallis, who commanded part of the army. But brave as they were, and with plenty of good soldiers, they could do nothing. Lord Chatham's words had come true. It was an unjust war, and it brought disgrace upon England,—disgrace at the beginning, and disgrace at the ending; for Lord Cornwallis was obliged to surrender at Yorktown, as

General Burgoyne had done, and the brave and good General Washington put an end to the war.

The Americans, who loved him very much, wished him to be their king; but he said he did not think a monarchy would be a good kind of government for them, and that they should make a republic, in which he would live like any other citizen.

As soon as the English troops came home, they found fresh work ready for them. The Spaniards were trying to get back Gibraltar. They took Minorca, and went on with a large army and stores to Gibraltar, where there was a desperate battle. The English, under **Rodney**, won. Lord Howe went out to the army with provisions and powder and shot; and the French and Spanish were obliged to give up trying to get back Gibraltar. The war was ended by the **Treaty of Versailles**, which guaranteed the **Independence** of the United States (1783).

XLVIII.—THE GORDON RIOTS. (1780.)

While all these wars were going on, our countrymen disgraced themselves most sadly at home. Some of the ministers wished to do away with one or two of the cruel laws against Catholics; and because they did so, the brutal and ignorant populace raised a frightful clamour. They were led on and encouraged by a mad nobleman named Lord George Gordon; and the mob collected in London, and burnt Newgate prison, which had cost £100,000, and was just finished. They burnt many noblemen's houses, and stole their furniture, and drank their wine; and having set some spirit-distilleries on fire, the people knelt down to drink the burning spirits that were running in streams down the streets. Many of these poor deluded and ignorant creatures were killed in the act of doing this. Lord George Gordon, the Protestant champion, afterwards became a

Jew. The riots are always known as the **Gordon Riots**, and are a lasting disgrace to our countrymen.

It is difficult to believe the excess of degradation into which England had fallen. Every night bands of robbers and murderers stopped the carriages in London, and openly took the money and watches and jewels from ladies who were in them: and although the watch knew some of these very men quite well, when they saw them riding about they dared not take them up. Every night there were repeated robberies and murders; for there were no policemen to watch and guard the streets, which were not then lighted with lamps, and which were so badly paved that they were full of large holes and pools of mud and rubbish.

When we walk now in Regent Street and Oxford Street in the evening, and find the smooth wide pavement lit up with the brightest gas, we can only wonder to think how different London was in George III.'s time. The statesman who tried to improve this wretched state of our towns was named **Sheridan**. He was a dissipated bad man, but kind and good-natured, and very clever and witty. His speeches in Parliament are celebrated for their wit and rich imagination.

Next there was another Indian war, in which the English behaved savagely and unjustly. The name of the governor of India was **Warren Hastings**, and he fought a great many battles with a brave and famous Indian chief named **Hyder Ali**. **Hyder Ali** was at last quite astonished and in despair at the courage and obstinate perseverance of his enemies. He had conquered a general named **Baillie**; but fresh armies constantly appeared; and he said in amazement, "The conquest of many **Baillies** will not finish these English. I can cut off their provisions, but I cannot dry up the sea."

Warren Hastings was tried when he came back to England for his injustice and cruelty to the **Hindoos**. It was, however, a trick to get rid of him, rather than a real love of justice or humanity, for many of his

accusers were much worse than himself; and he was acquitted.

There was now a new minister in England, who was in every way fit to take Lord Chatham's place. This was Lord Chatham's own son, **William Pitt** the younger, who, when he was only four-and-twenty years old, was made prime minister, and became one of the greatest orators that has ever been known. He had much older men to oppose him, with great talents, who had been trained statesmen for many years; and the foremost of them was named **Charles Fox**, who led the Whigs, or peace party. Mr. Pitt was almost alone. Every night there were long speeches made, and the Commons voted against what he wished; yet even when fifty or sixty votes were against him, he would not give up, because the king supported him, and the people loved him, and he thought he was right. He did not care for all the torrents of indignation and ridicule which were thrown upon him; he did not care when Fox called him "an ambitious young man;" and the end proved that he was right, and that he really was following the wisest course. Charles Fox's friends were turned out of Parliament, were laughed at, and called "Fox's Martyrs;" and the fame of the ambitious young man was firmly established.

XLIX.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. (1789-93.)

For a long time France had been governed badly. Louis XV. was a weak and bad man, and he allowed a number of wicked men and women to do just as they pleased. They governed the country, gave away all the offices, and treated the poor in a most shameful manner. The peasants were treated like slaves by the nobles, and the farmers and shopkeepers were not much better off. They were even obliged to pay taxes for many things which the nobles were not. They had no

one to speak for them in the French Parliament, as our poor and middle classes have; and the king never knew how they went on, or what kind of life they led.

Louis XV. died, and another king succeeded him, named Louis XVI., who was very young, and had not much strength or energy of character. A great many Frenchmen had been in America during the American war, and amongst them one very brave officer named Lafayette. These men had heard and seen so much about the *rights of citizens* and *liberty*, that when they came back to France they were more disgusted than ever with their own bad nobles, with their wicked way of life, and their tyranny to the poor.

The French people ended by seizing the king, and shutting him up in his own palace, and then put every one of his friends whom they met in the streets to death. Very often, when the poor queen looked out of the window, she saw some faithful soldier or friend hanging dead upon the nearest lamp-post. The Church property was seized also; and all through the provinces the clergy were driven away; and the nobles were besieged in their castles, cut to pieces, burnt alive, and even eaten by the savage mob, who were become like raging fiends instead of men. The king was surrounded by bad friends and advisers; and he tried sometimes to please them, and sometimes to please the people, showing himself always so weak and irresolute that every one despised him. His folly, and the queen's ignorance of the real state of the country, and her haughty manners, ruined the royal cause.

After attacking the **Tuileries**, and murdering the king's Swiss guards, whom he basely deserted to their fury, the people carried the royal family to the Temple prison. After a while they cut off the king's head, and afterwards took out the queen **Marie Antoinette**, and cut off her head too. Then began what was most justly called the **Reign of Terror**. The boldest and worst of the leaders of the Revolution was named **Robespierre**, and it was he who carried on the Reign of Terror.

The most awful scenes were then seen in Paris. The schools and colleges were shut up; the tombs at St. Denis were torn open; the altars were broken down and stripped; and the crucifixes and images were trampled under foot. Sunday was blotted out of the calendar; Christianity was declared to be destroyed, and Reason was to be worshipped instead of Almighty God. A wicked woman was carried in triumph through the streets, and put upon the altar in the church of Notre Dame, where the blaspheming crowds of madmen came to adore her as a goddess.

Every day the guillotine was set up, and never ceased its work, till, in four months, more than a million of human beings had been put to death. But when his companions thought that Robespierre wished, as they said, to become a French Cromwell, they seized him and guillotined him; not for his cruelty, for they were worse than himself, but because they were jealous of his power. Then a new government was settled, called the **Directory**, and the command of the army was given to a young Corsican soldier named **Napoleon Bonaparte**, who had beaten the English at the siege of Toulon.

Young Napoleon soon made himself consul of France, and in the end was crowned emperor. He was a man of the most extraordinary talents and genius. He saw that the old habits and customs and the old government of France were broken to pieces; and he resolved to put a stop to the confusion, and to create order again out of the chaos which had hitherto reigned. He turned the bloodthirsty fury of the nation to foreign conquest. He raised immense armies, and led them against the old monarchies of Europe. He overran Austria, Italy, and Spain, and gave new kings to most of the kingdoms that he attacked. Bernadotte, a French general, was made king of Sweden; one of Napoleon's brothers was made king of Spain, and another of Westphalia. Having thus disposed of the chief kingdoms of Europe, it was determined to conquer England.

But England had brave soldiers and sailors, and plenty of good ships to fight with, and experienced admirals to command them. It was, however, a time of the greatest trial to our country, for there were disturbances at home as well as abroad. The Irish broke out into open rebellion, and a French army landed in Ireland to help the rioters, who were very badly and foolishly treated by the government. Lord Cornwallis defeated them; and he was the first who behaved kindly to them, so that they gave up fighting against England. The Irishman who persuaded the French to land in that country was named Wolf Tone. Next, there were great troubles among the merchants and bankers; and so many banks broke, that the Bank of England itself was in danger of being bankrupt, which would have hindered the king from paying the soldiers and sailors, besides doing a great deal more mischief to trade and commerce. Mr. Pitt ordered that the bank should pay no more money, and that saved our country from ruin; and by care and good management the merchants and bankers settled their affairs, and everything was right again. After that danger was over, the people began to grow discontented; and the worst of them wished to have a revolution in England like the one in France, that all the wicked men might rob and murder, and live just as they pleased. Mr. Pitt's courage and firmness again saved the country. He persuaded the Parliament to pass a law saying that every rioter and disturber of the peace should be taken up and put in prison without a warrant, which usually can never be done. This is called the "Suspending of the Habeas Corpus Act," which was really necessary at that disturbed time, but which should never be done without the most urgent necessity; because it would be dangerous to allow the frequent imprisonment of subjects without giving the reason.

Nearly as soon as peace was secured, there was a mutiny in the fleet at Portsmouth. The admiral ordered the sailors to weigh anchor against the French; but no one would move. It was found that they had been

very cruelly treated by the officers ; and when this was proved, the officers were punished, and sent away from the fleet. As soon as full justice was done, the sailors all returned to their duty, and asked to be led against the French. Afterwards, there was a worse mutiny at the Nore ; and as it was found that the sailors there had no reason for their bad conduct, as those at Portsmouth had, they were punished. In all these circumstances, which at such a time of danger were very trying, and which might in one week have caused the ruin of the country, Mr. Pitt showed that he had the courage, and energy, and firmness, and love of justice, which proved him to be a great statesman. He was never afraid either to pardon or to punish ; and as soon as it became necessary to do either, he did it fully and at once.

L.—NELSON AND HIS BATTLES.

Every one felt confidence in Mr. Pitt ; and whenever he sent out admirals and captains for the ships, the sailors felt sure that they were brave, and that they knew how to command ; and they obeyed them promptly and cheerfully. The name of one of the new commodores was **Horatio Nelson**, and one of the captains who generally fought with him was Captain **Collingwood**. Nelson became afterwards one of the greatest and bravest admirals that have ever been known in any country. The first sea battle was fought at **Cape St. Vincent**, which the English won. The next was at **Camperdown**, which they also won. There was great joy in England about these battles ; for the people began to hope more than ever that their great enemy Napoleon would be beaten at last. He was now in Egypt, which he was trying to conquer for his own, and to take India from the English.

But Admiral Nelson went after him with a large

fleet, and sailed into the Nile, where he found the French fleet hiding in the Bay of Aboukir. The English had fewer ships and fewer men than the French; but Nelson set this right by getting round nine of the largest French ships, and beating them completely, until they sailed away from the rest of the fleet. By the time this was done, the sun went down, and it was dark. But it was not dark upon the Nile, for all night the flash of the cannon threw a broad glare upon the water, and the people gathered on the shore could see the grand and terrible scene quite distinctly. About the middle of the night the French admiral's ship, named "L'Orient," blew up, and took fire. The flames shot up like a huge pillar of fire into the sky, and every one stopped fighting, and held his breath at the awful sight. It was then that Casa Bianca was killed, about whom and his son a beautiful little poem has been written, which is now well known to most children. It is the pleasantest incident to think of in that terrible battle of the Nile.

The next battle Nelson fought was in the Baltic Sea, at Copenhagen. The Danes were going to join with France against England, and Nelson was sent to stop them. Sir Hyde Parker was the first admiral. His ship struck upon some shoals, and he was obliged to stay idle while Nelson was fighting; and as he was afraid Nelson was being beaten, he put up the signal-flag to leave off fighting. Nelson had only one eye; and when they told him that the flag was up, he put his telescope to his blind eye, and said, "I don't see the signal; keep mine flying for close battle; nail it to the mast. That is the way to answer such signals!" He beat all the Danish ships in such a way that they could not fire a single gun; and this one battle put an end to any war with Denmark.

Very soon Napoleon began to prepare in earnest for invading England, and more than 450,000 soldiers were gathered together to pour down upon our coasts; while gun-boats, arms, and cannon were gathered together in



Trafalgar. Duel between the "Victory" and the "Bucentaure."

great numbers, ready to cross the Channel at a moment's notice. The English were not idle ; riots, discontents, murmurs, mutinies, and political quarrels were all forgotten. All hands were at work together, and all hearts united in earnest and diligent preparation for the enemy. 300,000 volunteers eagerly came forward, from the highest nobles to the poorest peasants, all entreating to be allowed to defend their country ; and every one agreed that the word *peace* should never be mentioned as long as one French soldier could land on English ground.

It was a time of the greatest peril and excitement. Napoleon's scheme was to send a fleet towards the West Indies ; and when Nelson should be tricked into pursuit of him, he was to come back again, and land the whole French army in England. It was a bold and desperate scheme, and it very nearly succeeded. Nelson had actually pursued the French Admiral Villeneuve some way across the Atlantic ; but finding he had escaped him, he turned back towards Spain, where, at **Cape Trafalgar**, he found Villeneuve drawn up in line of battle.

The English, as usual, had in number fewer ships than the French ; but Nelson was there, and his glorious old flag-ship the "Victory" was there too, and upon its mast was nailed Nelson's flag, "England expects every man to do his duty." After a fiercer and hotter battle than had yet been fought, the French began to give way ; and just as the battle was nearly won, a French rifleman saw an officer walking up and down the *poop*, or raised hind part of the "Victory," and as he wore so many stars and ribbons, he thought it must be Lord Nelson. He fired at him, and Nelson fell. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he said to his favourite captain. They took him down on the lower-deck, and raised him up ; but nothing would stop the blood from flowing. Suddenly the sailors overhead gave a loud huzza ; and Nelson heard that the French were lowering all their flags, and surrendering themselves prisoners. Full of joy to think that England was saved, he said, "Thank God, I have done my duty !" and immediately

after expired. This great victory, in which 20,000 prisoners were taken, put an end to Napoleon's projects against England.

II.—NELSON AT TRAFALGAR. (1805.)

AN OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN'S YARN.

1. When our brave Nelson went to meet
Trafalgar's judgment-day,
The people knelt down in the street,
To bless him on his way.
He felt the country of his love
Watching him from afar ;
It saw him through the battle move,
His heaven was in that star.
2. Magnificently glorious sight,
It was in that great dawn !
Like one vast sapphire * flashing light,
The sea, just breathing, shone.
Their ships fresh painted stood up tall
And stately ; ours were grim
And weather-worn, but one and all
In rare good fighting trim.
3. Brave Nelson's wasted face, wave-worn,
Was beaming and serene ;
I felt the brave bright spirit burn
There, all too plainly seen ;
As though the sword this time was drawn
For ever from the sheath,
And when its work to-day was done,
All would be dark in death.
4. He smiled to see the Frenchman show
His reckoning for retreat,

* *Sapphire*, a bright precious stone.

With Cadiz port on his lee-bow,*
And held him then half beat.
They showed no colours till we drew
Them out to strike with there ;
Old "Victory" for a prize or two
Had flags enough to spare.

5. Mast high the famous signal ran,
Breathless we caught each word :
" *England expects that every man
Will do his duty.*" Lord !
You should have seen our faces ! heard
Us cheering, row on row,
Like men before some furnace stirred
To a fiery fearful glow !
6. Good Collingwood our lee line led,
And cut their centre through.
"See how he goes in !" Nelson said,
As his first broadside flew,
And near four hundred foemen fell ;
Up went another cheer,
"Ah, what would Nelson give," said Coll,
"To be but with us here !"
7. We grimly kept our vanward path,
Over us hummed their shot ;
But silently we reined our wrath,†
Held on and answered not,
Till we could grip them face to face,
And pound them for our own,
Or hug them in a war embrace
Till they or we went down.
8. How calm he was when first he felt
The sharp edge of that fight ;

* *Lee-bow*, in front and in the direction in which the wind is blowing.

† *Reined our wrath*, restrained, or kept our temper.

Cabined * with God, alone he knelt,
And prayer still lay in light
Upon his face, that used to shine
In battle—flash with life,
As though the glorious blood ran wine,
Dancing with that wild strife.

9. "Fight for us, thou Almighty One,
Give victory once again;
And if I fall, 'Thy will be done,'
Amen! amen! amen!"
With such a voice he bade good-bye,
The mournfullest old smile wore;
"Farewell, God bless you, Blackwood,† I
Shall never see you more."

10. And four hours after he had done
With winds and troubled foam;
The reaper was borne dead upon
Our load of harvest home;
Not till he knew the old flag flew
Alone on all the deep;
Then said he, "Hardy, is that you?
Kiss me!" and fell asleep.

11. And so he went upon his way,
A higher deck to walk;
Or sit in some eternal day,
And of the old time talk
With sailors old who, on that coast,
Welcome the homeward bound;
Where many a gallant soul we've lost—
And Franklin * will be found.

* *Cabined*, he prayed in the cabin.

† *Blackwood*, Captain Blackwood, who came to Nelson for orders.

‡ *Franklin*, Sir John Franklin, who was lost in an Arctic expedition.

LII.—WELLINGTON AND HIS BATTLES.

Nelson was dead, and there were no more sea-fights like the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar; but there was an English general who fought as well on land as Lord Nelson fought by sea. This was **Sir Arthur Wellesley**, who had fought a great deal in India, and who had distinguished himself by his sound judgment, and clear calm understanding, as much as by his singular courage. He was sent to fight the French generals in Spain; and he beat some of the very best of them,—Ney, Soult, Mortier, and Massena. He took the castles of Ciudad Rodrigo and **Badajos**, in the midst of a storm of bursting powder-barrels, subterraneous fires, pit-falls, and all kinds of terrible destructives, which the French had prepared for their arrival. Nothing could stop the English soldiers; and the bravest of Napoleon's armies were swept before them.

Other great battles were fought at **Talavera**, **Salamanca**, **Vittoria**, and the **Pyrenees**. The storming of **St. Sebastian** will always be a foul stain upon our country. The soldiers were enraged at the desperate resistance they met with; and when they took the town, they killed nearly every one they met without mercy. There was another battle at **Corunna**, in which the brave and good **Sir John Moore** was killed.

These victories roused all Europe against Napoleon, whose cruel ambition had wearied out every one. Russia, Prussia, and Austria united with England against him, and at last took Paris. Napoleon was therefore obliged to fly to Elba, and Louis XVIII. was restored to his throne; and there was great rejoicing all over the Continent and most of all in England. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia came to England, and, with **Sir Arthur Wellesley**, who was now made **Duke of Wellington**, they went in state with George III. to the House of Lords and to St. Paul's.

This war is always called the **Peninsular War**, because it was fought in the peninsula of Spain and Portugal.

But almost before the rejoicings were over, Napo-



Storming of Badajoz.

leon astonished every one by appearing again in the south of France, and calling his old troops round him. Poor Louis XVIII. was obliged to fly in haste to England; and the Duke of Wellington was sent out again

with an army to Belgium, to meet Napoleon, who could not rest till he was on the field of battle once more. The armies met at a place called **Quatre Bras**, and the French were driven back. The next day Wellington moved on to a safer ground, having on one side the old castle of Hougoumont, on the other a farm called La Haye Sainte, and behind it the village of **Waterloo**. The French advanced with 30,000 men upon La Haye Sainte, and captured it; but at the end of the day it was retaken by the English. Napoleon then sent his famous cavalry, or cuirassiers, to break the English centre; and as often as they came on, with loud cries and flashing swords, the English gunners left their guns, and went in among the squares of foot soldiers, whom the cuirassiers could not break. As soon as the French turned, the gunners ran out, and poured a storm of grape-shot upon them. This went on for a long time, and it was very hard work. Every time the French galloped upon them, whole ranks of soldiers were left dead on the field. The Duke stayed by them all the while; and one time he cried out in his clear steady voice, "Stand fast, 95th; what would they say of us in England?" "Never fear, sir," the brave soldiers answered; "we know our duty." At last Napoleon was enraged to find that nothing could move these iron squares of foot-soldiers, and he ordered his own guard, always called the "Old Guard," to move forward against them. The Old Guard had never yet been conquered; and now every one thought the English troops were going to be crushed. All day long they had done the hardest work, standing still to be shot at, and filling up the ranks of their dead companions, till they were weary of what seemed a waste of their lives for no useful end. If they had not had such confidence in their general, they never could have endured it. But now Wellington saw that the time was come to move. He took off his cap, and said, "Forward, guards, and at them!" He was answered by a huzza which sounded like thunder to the French; and his men poured steadily

forward with such irresistible fury, that the invincible Old Guard were soon seen flying down the slope in all directions.

The Prussians, under **Blucher**, coming up at that moment, the whole force joined in pursuit; and Napoleon turned his horse's head and fled in despair. Nine times that night the French prepared their tents to bivouac, and lay down to rest; and nine times the shouts and glittering swords of the Prussians forced them to fly again. 40,000 Frenchmen were either wounded or lay dead on the field of Waterloo.

This great battle ended the war in which Europe had been plunged for thirty years. Napoleon surrendered to the English; and they sent him, with circumstances of petty annoyance they should have spared the greatest conqueror of modern times, to the island of **St. Helena**, where he died. His second reign in France is always called the Hundred Days, because it lasted about that time.

Just as peace was made all over Europe, George III. died at Windsor Castle, after reigning sixty years. It is one of the longest and most important reigns in all our history. For many years before he died the kind old king had been insane, and had suffered very much. But at all times, and all his life, he was the same simple, straightforward, kind man; and although in many respects he was not to be commended, yet he loved his people sincerely, and always tried to do what he thought best for their real good.

LIII.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE. (1809.)

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave of the hero we buried.

2. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;



By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow.
6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !
7. But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory !

—*Wolfe.*

LIV.—THE CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. (1829.)

There is very little to be said about the next king. He was George III.'s son, and was crowned **George IV.** He was very handsome and graceful, and was generally called "the finest gentleman in Europe," because his

manners were so polite and dignified. He behaved very cruelly to his queen, Caroline of Brunswick ; and he pretended that he was obliged to send her away because she was a wicked woman. It is to be feared that she was not very good ; but when she was tried in the House of Lords for her bad conduct, she was acquitted. Two very clever and learned lawyers defended her, named Lord Brougham and Lord Denman. Lord Brougham was afterwards made Lord Chancellor, and Lord Denman became the chief judge in the Court of Queen's Bench. When the queen was found not guilty, the people, who loved her for her good-nature, made bonfires, and illuminated the whole of London.

Soon after, George IV. went to Westminster Abbey to be crowned, and Queen Caroline went later in the day to be crowned with him. But he had ordered the Horse Guards to send her away, and not to let her come in ; and this insult grieved her so much that she fell sick and died a few days after.

The most important event in the reign of George IV. was the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. It will be remembered that James II. had done all he could to persuade the Parliament to repeal the Test Act, which hindered Catholics from taking any office in this country ; and that he thus offended a great many of his subjects. In the time of George III. Mr. Pitt had tried several times to persuade the king to allow a law to be made by which Catholics could become members of Parliament ; but the king would never consent. He was too old and too prejudiced to allow what seemed to him a very dangerous change in the laws. But in George IV.'s reign, Catholics began to speak for themselves, especially in Ireland, where, as there were 7,000,000 Catholics, and only some hundred thousands of Protestants, the injustice was much heavier and more evident.

The persons who were most zealous and active in obtaining the act of justice that Catholics should be allowed to have Catholic members to speak for them in

Parliament, were two gentlemen named **Daniel O'Connell** and **Richard Lalor Sheil**. Mr. O'Connell was brought up at the Jesuits' College at St. Omer's in France, and Mr. Sheil was educated at Stonyhurst in England. Both of them had great talents and wonderful powers of oratory. But Mr. O'Connell had very much greater energy and activity of character than his countryman, and a most singular power over the minds and hearts of others. He could, in fact, by a single speech, excite 300,000 people to open rebellion, or persuade them to the most complete submission; and his wonderful art of governing and controlling the passions and emotions of others will cause the name of Daniel O'Connell to be always remembered in Ireland.

The brave Duke of Wellington was seen to be capable of winning great battles as a statesman, besides his victories as a soldier. He, and another statesman named **Sir Robert Peel**, at last succeeded in passing the Catholic Relief Bill; and Catholic noblemen and gentlemen began to sit in Parliament again. At the same time the famous Test Act was repealed.

George IV. died at Windsor. He had shut himself up for a long time before his death; and as he had never shown much love for his people, or for any one but himself, there was not much sorrow when he died.

LV.—THE REFORM BILL. (1832.)

The next king was George IV.'s brother, the Duke of Clarence; and he was called **William IV.** He was an old man when he became king, and was very like his father George III. He was so kind and good-natured and straightforward, that every one loved him; and he had also the honest frank manners of a sailor; for William IV., like James II., had been a sailor for many years.

Two years after he became king, a fresh change was made in what are called constituencies—that is, the places that have a right to send members to Parliament. Every shire chose a member to speak in Parliament, called the Knight of the Shire; and every borough chose a citizen called a Burgess or Commoner, who was to speak for his fellow-townsmen. Every knight was obliged to have £600 a-year of his own, and every burgess £300 a-year. But as time went on, and fresh manufactures were introduced, and new countries discovered, large towns sprang up full of silk and cotton weavers, and workers in iron, who wove cloth, and made knives, swords, needles, machinery, and tools of all kinds, for the ships to carry to sell in all parts of the globe.

But these large towns, where the busy hum of incessant toil went on from daybreak till dark night, were not boroughs. They had no burgesses to speak for them in Parliament, and they thought this very unjust. The people of Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, especially thought so; and they met together in great crowds of hundreds of thousands, asking to be heard. William IV. was quite ready to hear them. He sent away the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who did not wish any change to be made in the boroughs, and he made **Earl Grey** his minister. Lord Grey chose for his Chancellor Lord Brougham, who defended Queen Caroline when she was tried, and when she had scarcely any friends; and Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell were the chief leading ministers in the House of Commons.

They made a law called the **Reform Bill**, which settled that a great many new boroughs should be made, and more members for the shires or counties; and they asked the Lords to pass the bill. But they *threw it out*, that is, they would not make it a law; and thus there was an end of the Reform Bill for the present.

This made the people very angry indeed. They besieged the House of Lords, and threw stones at a

great many of the Peers as they went along the streets. They burnt the Duke of Newcastle's castle at Nottingham, took possession of Derby, and set fire to Bristol. It is difficult to say what would have happened, if the king had not been firm and brave. He went himself to the House of Lords, and dissolved the Parliament; that is, he sent the members all away, and new ones were to be chosen; and Lord Grey asked him to make a great many new lords, that the Reform Bill might be sure to become a law. The king would not do this, but he himself asked some of the lords not to vote against it, and persuaded some others to vote for it; and as they all saw that he was steady to his resolution of changing the law, they gave way, and the Reform Bill was passed. By this Act all occupiers of ten pound houses in boroughs were entitled to vote for the borough member, and all men in the county who paid £50 a-year rent could vote for the county members.

One of the last events that occurred in this reign was the emancipation of all the negro slaves in our West-Indian Islands. The English nation agreed to pay twenty millions of pounds to buy these poor slaves from the planters, that they might be set free. Many celebrated men had been trying for a long time to obtain this; among whom the names of Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, Granville Sharpe, and Lord Brougham, will always be remembered. And at last it was done: in one day, in August 1836, there was not a single slave in our West-Indian plantations. They all became free blacks, who worked for wages, as labourers do in England. And although it would perhaps have been better to have done it more gradually, it was a very noble act; for which, no doubt, England will be rewarded.

Many useful and valuable discoveries were made in the reigns of George IV. and William IV. Sir John Ross sailed to the North Pole, which no one had ever

done before ; and he wrote an interesting account of his own travels. Sir John Franklin afterwards in 1845 went to search for a north-west passage, but was lost in the ice, and never seen again.

A great deal of new country was explored in New Holland and in New Zealand ; and fresh colonies were founded in both those large countries.

Two brothers, named Lander, went into the middle of Africa, and discovered the source or rising of the river Niger, which had never been known before.

And since then large kingdoms have been conquered in India, and towns taken in China by the English ; so that England possesses lands, and towns, and colonies, all round the globe.

Besides this, immense steamboats were built, to go across the Atlantic Ocean to America in nine or ten days instead of six weeks, which is the time a ship takes to make the voyage. A quicker way was also opened to India, through the Mediterranean, across the Isthmus of Suez, and down the Red Sea, by which that long voyage is much shortened.* Formerly it took our countrymen a whole year to go to India, because they had to go round Africa.

Railways were made all over England, and in most parts of Europe ; so that every one could come and go more quickly, and send letters and goods, corn and provisions, and coal, more cheaply and faster. This was a great benefit to commerce and trade, and to the progress of science ; and by uniting nations in the bonds of commerce, it also tended to preserve peace.

A beautiful new light, called gas, was invented for lighting streets and houses. The streets of our towns were all well paved and cleaned, and guarded from thieves by policemen ; so that even ladies could walk about London as safely as if they were shut up in their own parks or gardens. The most wonderful discoveries

* Since then the Suez Canal has been cut between the Mediterranean and Red Seas ; and ships now sail, by way of Suez Canal direct to India.

were made in electricity, which led to the establishment of the electric telegraph for transmitting messages and news, and to electroplating and photography. These discoveries are as yet only in their infancy, and it is impossible to say what fresh materials of science and art will yet be developed from them.

The names of many celebrated men who lived during these two reigns ought to be mentioned. Among them the chief are the poets Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott (whose historical novels are the best that have ever been written), Campbell, Rogers, Shelley, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth. Of these, Byron had the finest genius and sense of what is beautiful in every way; and Wordsworth's poetry was the most instructive, and had the best influence. He founded a completely new school of poetry,* and has a great many followers. Coleridge and Southey wrote more beautiful prose than poetry.

Some of the most distinguished men of modern science in these reigns were Sir John Herschel, Sir Humphry Davy, Watt, Brewster, Airy, Faraday, Brindley, Rennie, Murchison, and Buckland. Sir John Herschel was a great astronomer, and full of love for every kind of science and knowledge. Sir Humphry Davy made a great many discoveries in electricity and galvanism, and in chemistry. He was celebrated for the clear and exact manner in which he reasoned upon what he observed in his experiments; and this led him to make several discoveries which saved the lives of thousands of our countrymen. The most beautiful instance of this was the perseverance with which he followed up by reasoning, step by step, some experiments which he made upon the bad air in mines, and which led finally to the invention of the safety-lamp, which put an end to the terrible explosions of what is called fire-damp in mines. Watt discovered the use of steam; and it is to him that we owe the employment of steam-engines in our manufactories; and George Stephenson made the

* Called the "Lake School," because he lived near the Lakes.

first railway, where the first locomotive engine ran, in the first year of William IV.'s reign.

LVI.—THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY. (1836.)

1. Proudly on Cressy's tented wold *
The lion-flag of England flew;
As proudly gleamed its crimson fold
O'er the dun † heights of Waterloo.
But other lyres shall greet the brave;
Sing now, that we have freed the slave.
2. The ocean plain, where Nelson bled,
Fair commerce plies with peaceful oar,
Duteous o'er Britain's clime to shed
The gathered spoil of every shore:
To-day, across the Atlantic sea,
Shout, shout ye that the slave is free.
3. And eloquence in rushing streams
Has flowed our halls and courts along,
Or kindled 'mid yet loftier dreams
The glowing bursts of glowing song.
Let both their noblest burden pour,
To tell that slavery is no more.
4. Bright science through each field of space
Has urged her mist-dispelling car,
Coy nature's hidden reign to trace,
To weigh each wind, and count each star.
Yet stay, thou proud philosophy,
First stoop to bid mankind be free.
5. And freedom has been long our own,
With all her soft and generous train,
* *Wold*: bleak hill. † *Dun*, dark.

To gild the lustre of the throne,
And guard the labour of the plain :
Ye heirs of ancient Runnymede !
Your slaves—oh ! could it be !—are freed.

6. Ah ! for the tale the slave could speak,
Ah ! for the shame of England's sway ;
On Afric sands the maddened shriek,
'Neath Indian suns the burning day :
Ye sounds of guilt—ye sights of gore—
Away ! for slavery is no more.

7. 'Mid the drear haunts of force and strife
The ministers of peace shall stand,
And pour the welling words of life
Around a parched and thirsty land ;
While spread beneath the tamarind tree,
Rise "happy homes, and altars free."

8. Ye isles, that court the tropic rays,
Clustered on ocean's sapphire breast ;
Ye feathery bowers, ye fairy bays,
In more than fable, now—"the blest :"
Waft on each gale your choral strain,
Till every land has rent the chain.

9. O England ! empire's home and head,
First in each art of peace and power,
Mighty the billow crest to tread,
Mighty to rule the battle hour—
But mightiest to relieve and save,
Rejoice that thou hast freed the slave.

—*Earl of Carlisle.*

LIVIL.—THE CRIMEAN WAR. (1854-5.)

It is always impossible to write the history of a reigning king. Fresh events are happening every day, of which we cannot tell the consequences, or the effect they may have upon the country. Some of these events, which we think at first to be great misfortunes, turn out in the end to be useful or glorious; while some, on the contrary, which we admire at the time, are found, after some years, to bring great misery and ruin.

It will be necessary, however, to mention some circumstances in the reign succeeding that of William IV., without even pretending, as yet, to look upon or judge them as history.

When William IV. died, the brave old sailor-king was succeeded by his niece, Victoria-Alexandrina. She was the daughter of his next brother, the Duke of Kent, who had died some years before. The people were much pleased to see their new queen, who was only eighteen years old; and they took a great interest in her, and loved her very much. She had been well brought up by her mother, the Duchess of Kent; and besides being thoroughly instructed and accomplished, she was prudent and sensible, and tried to do as much good as she could. She had read a good deal of history; and knew that a queen, especially of so great and prosperous a country as this, had the most difficult and dangerous post to fill; and she seemed to devote herself to her duties with conscientious energy and dignity. After a time, **Queen Victoria** married a German prince, named **Prince Albert** of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and had a large family of sons and daughters. These she caused to be very well educated, and, like Queen Philippa, she lived with them constantly, and watched their characters and behaviour. The English court became the admiration of Europe, from its being both royal and dignified, and also a truly happy English home.

Prince Albert, or the Prince Consort, employed himself chiefly in encouraging and improving art, especially painting and drawing in all their branches and uses. It is to him that the Exhibitions of the Crystal Palaces, the Art-Unions, &c., are in great part owing. These have been some of the sources of the great improvement in decoration, domestic art, and manufactures generally, which have been observed in this country during the past few years. He died in 1861, much regretted by the nation.

The long peace which reigned in Europe, ever since the battle of Waterloo and the Peace of Paris, was of great assistance in favouring these objects, by giving men leisure to turn their whole minds to their cultivation; but at length, after a lapse of more than thirty years, this peace was unexpectedly broken. The Russians, who had long wished to drive the Turks out of Europe and take possession of Constantinople, found means of making a quarrel with them.

The Emperor Nicholas insisted on the Turkish Sultan affording protection to the Greek Christians in Turkey, and the Sultan refused. Then the Russian forces crossed the Pruth, and the Russian war began.

In September 1853 the Turkish army was put under the command of Omar Pasha, an Austrian, who had gone over to the Mohametan faith.

The Turks at first were completely successful; but the Russians cruelly revenged themselves by attacking Sinope, in Anatolia, on the Black Sea; when they stormed the town, and with barbaric cruelty massacred all the inhabitants, and left the shore strewn with dead bodies.

After this attack the allied powers of England and France sent a fleet into the Black Sea; and the united efforts of Austria, Prussia, France, and England, to induce the Emperor of Russia to give up his demands on Turkey failed altogether.

And so at last, war being declared by Russia against the Western powers, the English Government

sent a fleet, commanded by **Sir Charles Napier**, to the Baltic Sea, to guard against any possibility of a sudden attack upon England; and a solemn alliance was concluded in March 1854 between England, France, and Turkey, for the security of the Ottoman or Turkish empire. Regiments and stores were speedily despatched to the East from Southampton; and when the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards embarked, thousands of Englishmen of all ranks assembled to bid them farewell and God speed, with the most enthusiastic cheers.

The allied troops first landed at Gallipoli, a tumble-down little Turkish town on the west of the Dardanelles.

Ten thousand British troops landed on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus in April 1854, and encamped at Scutari. **Lord Raglan** was their commander-in-chief, and the Duke of Cambridge was also with the army. **Marshal St. Arnaud** commanded the French troops. A little later, the general encampment was established at Varna, on the Black Sea.

It was decided that **Sebastopol**, one of the four capitals of Russia, should be the point of attack. It is situated in the **Crimea**, or most southern portion of the great Russian empire; and a magnificent fleet of 400 English and French ships, partly line-of-battle ships, partly frigates and transports, was concentrated towards that peninsula. This fleet, which in its transit spread over half the horizon, had the most beautiful and solemn effect; and, as line after line of the five divisions bore down upon the Crimea, and came to an anchor, the spectacle was more magnificent than can be described. Eupatoria was the first place summoned to surrender, which it immediately did; and then the allied forces landed. It was the first time that the soldiers of Western Europe had trodden these shores since the Crusades.

The allied army soon advanced upon Sebastopol, near which 50,000 Russians were posted, on the heights of the little river **Alma**, ready to greet them. They

had about 100 guns, and were commanded by Prince Menschikoff.

The 20th of September dawned, and Lord Raglan gave the order for battle at half-past six in the morning. The French Chasseurs, under General Bosquet, began the attack; and the brave Zouaves were the first to rush across the river and ascend the steep cliffs on the other side. Marshal St. Arnaud then sent word to Lord Raglan to beg him to advance with all speed; and the Guards and Highlanders plunged into the stream. Almost the whole of the 23rd and 95th regiments were mowed down by the Russian fire while ascending the heights; but the Guards and Highlanders were irresistible, and they swept the Russian squares everywhere before them. In their flight, the Russians even threw away their boots to run the faster. They could not have lost fewer than 8000 men.

Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud behaved with the utmost coolness and daring courage, and throughout this memorable day helped one another like true brothers-in-arms. The brave French general, whose life and death were equally heroic, though suffering the greatest agonies, remained twelve hours on horseback without resting. Prince Menschikoff escaped capture only by the swiftness of his horse.

On leaving the heights of the Alma, the allies made their famous "flank march" to Balaclava. It was so called, because, instead of proceeding at once to Sebastopol, as had been intended, the army diverged sideways to Balaclava, hoping to surprise the town. This they did completely: a Russian column hastily leaving Sebastopol was intercepted, and all the baggage taken. The soldiers were so worn out by this march, that when they stopped at Traktir, they lay down on the ground to sleep wherever they happened to be. Lord Raglan slept in a hut, and his staff in a ditch outside.

After passing through the Pass of Inkerman, the army reached Balaclava, a curious little town buried under the high cliffs of the harbour. The inhabitants

ran out to meet Lord Raglan with flowers and fruit, and pieces of bread covered with salt, in token of submission. He spoke to them kindly, and took possession of the town, where hospitals were soon established for the sick; for the cholera raged fearfully among the soldiers.

The brave Marshal St. Arnaud came into the town a few days later, when he resigned his command to General Canrobert; and died on the 29th of September 1854.

LVIII.—BALACLAVA AND INKERMÁN. (1854.)

It was not until October that the attack opened upon Sebastopol. During the months that intervened, the allies were busy fortifying their position, and throwing up earthworks for their guns and batteries. In the first attack, it was seen at once that the Russians infinitely surpassed their enemies in the science of artillery; and as battery after battery was unmasked, the allies were completely taken by surprise.

Soon after the fire upon Sebastopol had begun, 50,000 Russian troops, commanded by Liprandi, attacked the English army at Balaclava. They crossed the Tchernaya river, and advanced upon one of the Turkish redoubts, from which the Turks very soon fled. The Highlanders, under Sir Colin Campbell, and the heavy dragoons, most gallantly attacked the Russian army; and under Lord Cardigan, the light cavalry made a charge which, in its desperate bravery and unflinching resolution in facing almost certain death, has never been surpassed, even by Leonidas in the Strait of Thermopylæ. Between two lines of Russian guns straight on to the Russian army, the devoted band of 600 men charged at full gallop, and returned with but half their number to tell the tale. Lord Raglan was much condemned for ordering so wanton a sacrifice of life for no



Charge of the Light Brigade.

" Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred !

result; but in reality he thought the Russians were retreating, and wished to prevent them from carrying off their guns. Probably, also, this splendid charge commonly called "The Death-ride," prevented Liprandi from advancing and materially injuring the British army.

The partial success of the Russians at Balaclava gave them great spirits; and Prince Menschikoff sent to beg that the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas might be sent to witness the defeat of the enemy, who would soon either be destroyed or driven into the sea.

To effect this desirable purpose, he had also sent for strong reinforcements; and on the night of the 5th of November the Russian army stole over the Inkerman heights, and crept towards the British army. It was not to the credit of our commander-in-chief that they took the English completely by surprise, although it had long been known that their position was undefended, and a mark to the enemy.

Though only just awake, the English soldiers were immediately ready for battle. The invincible Guards were brought up by the Duke of Cambridge; the light division, with their old general, Sir George Brown, rushed to the front; the Russians and English fought hand to hand. Through the fog and driving rain and thick darkness friends and foes were stubbornly disputing every inch of ground, and the battle was raging at its height before Lord Raglan knew that it had begun.

At that moment all the batteries in Sebastopol burst into a deafening roar, and for a time seemed likely to overwhelm the whole British force with their murderous fire. But nothing could cool the undaunted courage of our soldiers. With the invincible bayonet a few handfuls fought and drove back thousands of Russians; and though outnumbered by four times their force, kept possession of the sandbag, or two-gun battery, which that day was taken and recovered six times, and which, at the conclusion of the battle, was heaped round on all sides by mounds and lanes of dead bodies.

While the brave Guards were sustaining the fiercest brunt of the attack, and the Russians were bringing up fresh thousands against these 1600, the welcome sight of the *Zouaves* was seen over the hill; and in a few minutes 5000 of these fiery soldiers were rushing headlong down the slope, and charging the Russians side by side with the "bearskins." This decided the battle; and after nine hours of a strife the closest, the most incessant, and the most deadly, that perhaps has ever been recorded, the Russian battalions gave way and retired, leaving 8000 men dead on the field, literally strewing the fields, the copses, and the broken ground as "thick as leaves."

The French general, Canrobert, was afterwards superseded by a very brave man, Marshal Pelissier, to whose skill and unflinching resolution in pursuing his plan of attack, the fall of Sebastopol was chiefly due. The King of Sardinia, about this time, sent a detachment of his army to join the allies.

The French works were carried very near to two large towers, the Malakoff and the Mamelon, which commanded the lower town of Sebastopol, on the south side of the harbour. When these towers were finally carried by the French, and the allied army together possessed themselves also of a large battery called the Great Redan, their guns so annoyed this part of the town that Prince Gortschakoff, who had succeeded Prince Menschikoff, abandoned it. In the night he had a bridge of boats laid down, across which the Russian army fled, and established themselves on the north side of the harbour. The allies consequently took possession of Sebastopol Proper, after nearly a year's siege.* It was a wonderful city that they entered. The great and strong forts, which had done such destruction, were riddled and entirely pierced with shell and ball; the churches were heaps of ruins; every house, arsenal, and convent was dismantled and completely pillaged. What the poor inhabitants must have

* 336 days.

suffered can never be described; and altogether, in this glorious but cruel war, more than a quarter of a million of men had been slain. It was glorious on account of the valiant deeds that were done in it; of the patience and heroism of the suffering soldiers; and the magnificent enthusiasm with which help and succour of all kinds were freely sent from England and France.

But before Sebastopol was entered, Lord Raglan died. He was worn out with intense labour, hardship, and anxiety; and he was also most unjustly blamed for misfortunes in which he had no share,—for disease and want of food, and the deaths of multitudes of men and horses. Our country knows better now how well he deserved of her.

After a great deal of writing and discussion, the ambassadors of England, France, Russia, Austria, Turkey, Sardinia, and afterwards Prussia, met at Paris on February 1856; and after many conversations, which are called "the Conferences at Paris," it was settled that Sebastopol should be given back to the Russians, on condition that they left the principalities of the Danube in peace, and did not interfere with them any more. They were not to bring any fleets into the Black Sea, nor to fortify Sebastopol again.

LIX.—THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

[During that terrible winter (1854), the British troops often stood in the trenches in front of Sebastopol knee-deep in snow and mud, and the fearful privations they suffered from want of clothes and food killed far more than did the enemy's guns. The British soldiers, though they often dropped down dead from cold and exhaustion, bore their sufferings with heroic fortitude.]

1. Deadly road to deadly toil, thickly strewn with dead!
Noonday sun and midnight oil light the soldiers tread.

"In the trenches deep and cold, if I cannot save
England's glory, be it told, there I dug my grave!"
Faint the hero's voice and low—marching through the
snow.

2. "Leave me, comrades! here I drop; on, my captain,
on!
All are wanted, none should stop; duty must be done.
Those whose guard you take will find me, as they pass,
below."
So the soldier spoke, and staggering, fell amid the
snow;
While ever, on the dreary heights, down came the
snow.
3. "Men, it must be as he asks; duty must be done;
Far too few for half our tasks, we can spare not one;
Wrap him in this—I need it less, soon the guard shall
know;
Mark the place—yon stunted larch. Forward!" On
they go.
And silent, on their silent march, down sank the snow.
4. O'er his features, as he lies, calms the wrench of pain,
Close, faint eyes; pass, cruel skies, freezing mountain-
plain;
With far soft sounds the stillness teems, church-bells,
voices low;
Passing into home-born dreams; there, amid the
snow,
And dark'ning, thick'ning, o'er the heights, down
fell the snow.
5. Looking, looking for the mark, now his comrades
came;
Struggling through the snow-drifts stark,* calling out
his name;

**Stark*, stiff, hard-frozen.

Here! or there!—the drifts are deep. Have we passed
him? No!

Look, a little growing heap; snow above the snow;
Where heavy, in his heavy sleep, down fell the snow.

6. Strong hands raised him, voices strong spoke within
his ears;

But his dreams had softer tongue; neither now he
hears.

One more gone for England's sake, where so many go;
Lying down without complaint, dying in the snow;
Starving, striving for her sake, dying in the snow.

7. Daily toil, untended pain, danger ever by;

Ah! how many here have lain down, like you, to die!
Simply done your soldier's part, through long months
of woe,

All endured with soldier-heart; battle, famine, snow!
Noble, nameless, patriot heart; snow-cold in snow.

—*Lushington.*

LX.—THE INDIAN MUTINY. (1857.)

The year after the peace, a dreadful war broke out in India. That country was so large, and the conquests made by the English reached over so many thousands of miles, and contained such a number of native kingdoms, that two separate armies were always maintained in India to keep order. One belonged to the king or queen of England, and the other to the East India Company. There were not English soldiers enough to make up these two armies, so that Indians were obliged to serve in them. These Indian soldiers were called *Sepoys*.

The Indian army had been dissatisfied for a long time. They saw one kingdom after another taken by the English, whom they called *Feringhees*, or strangers; and

when the Mahometan kingdom of Oude was entered in 1856, the whole of the Sepoys now began to fear that their religion would be finally uprooted. One little circumstance set the whole army on fire. The loading, or charge, of firearms was kept in the guns by flat circular pieces of felt, called "cartridges," which are sometimes greased to give them a stronger hold on the barrel of the muskets or rifles. The grease used is generally beef-fat. When the Sepoys knew that their cartridges were dipped in the fat of their sacred cow, the touch of which made them unclean, and, according to their ideas, polluted their souls, they became furious. They broke out into mutiny, and shot several of their own officers. Even then there was so little sense of fear or distrust (always the last feelings to which Englishmen give way), that these murderous Sepoys were treated very mildly. They were most imprudently disbanded, and allowed to go where they chose. The treacherous ruffians merely laughed at this mercy; and scouring the country, they broke open the prisons and gathered together large bands of the worst refuse of the people, with whose help they plundered, burned, and murdered wherever they stopped.

They flew across Oude; and after innumerable outrages, entrenched themselves in the capital city, Delhi, which they fortified strongly.

When once roused, nothing could equal the wonders of bravery and endurance performed by the English soldiers. The generals, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Hugh Wheeler, Sir James Outram, and General Havelock, seemed to rival one another in their actions and sufferings; but the latter especially won for himself a name which will go down side by side with those of Nelson and Wellington in English history, and with that of Leonidas in the stories of the old Greek heroes. With a little band of scarcely more than a thousand men, he fought five great battles with the enemy numbering ten times his force, and was always victorious. One of the Indian chiefs called the **Nana Sahib**, a monster of

treacherous cruelty, besieged and took Cawnpore, and murdered a number of English ladies and their children, who were shut up there with a few soldiers. When he had hacked them to pieces with all the cruel tortures he could think of, he threw the remains into a well. General Havelock, who knew that the ladies were shut up, and hoped to save them, led his little band against Cawnpore; and when the word was given to charge, the 78th Highlanders rushed forward like a pack of hounds, and burst over the mound without losing a single man. The general said, "Well done, 78th; you shall be my own regiment in future." Unfortunately, the wretch Nana Sahib escaped, and Havelock had no cavalry with which to pursue him.

When these brave soldiers rushed into the building where the mangled limbs of their countrywomen and their innocent children lay strewing the floor, and filling up the well with the fragments of hair, flesh, and bones, while the blood of these victims lay so deep on the ground as nearly to cover their shoes, their horror and rage could not be expressed. They tore fragments from the dresses of the slain, or dipped their handkerchiefs in the dark blood which soaked the ground, and swore never to rest until they had punished the perpetrators of this hideous massacre.

Sir Henry Lawrence was soon afterwards killed at Lucknow by the bursting of a shell; but he had crowned his gray hairs with honour and faithful service.

General Havelock did all he could to relieve Lucknow, but at that time it was impossible. Then the governor-general forgot the five pitched battles fought with a handful of men, and the long forced midday marches under a fatal Indian sun; he forgot that, without tents, supplies, or cavalry to defend them, Havelock had carried through all these marches his sick and wounded, and every article of food necessary for his men;—and Havelock was superseded in the command, and General Outram was placed over him.

But the generous and heroic Sir James Outram

refused to act as Havelock's superior officer, and left him full liberty to do exactly as before; whereas General Havelock was perfectly willing to act as his subaltern. Outram, however, was firm in his determination, and never took the command.

In September 1857 Delhi was assaulted and taken by General Wilson; General Barnard, who had the command, having died just before. It was very strongly fortified; and as the enemy were posted on the buildings and among the narrow intricate streets, it was extremely difficult to dislodge them, and the slaughter of the English was very great. The wicked and miserable old king of Delhi, who had caused so much bloodshed, was taken prisoner; but his life was spared. His whole story is one succession of vice and crimes.

At last General Havelock was able to get relief into Lucknow, and to save the ladies and children who were shut up there, expecting every day to be treated like those at Cawnpore. And having placed them in perfect safety, and tried his strength in every way to the very utmost, he gave way to the deadly sickness which had attacked him, and cheerfully prepared for death.

In England there was a sincere and universal grief at the death of this brave general and true hero. The Parliament decided that the baronetcy given to him should pass to his eldest son; and the country determined to raise a memorial in his honour. The queen also granted to Lady Havelock a sum of money, as the general, like the heroes of ancient Greece, died poor in everything but honour.

Sir Colin Campbell,* who had fought well in the Crimean war, was made commander-in-chief; and fresh regiments were sent out to crush the rebellion as quickly as possible.

Sir Colin took Cawnpore and Lucknow, and thus deprived the rebel Sepoys of every large stronghold in India. Large bodies of them, however, fled from both cities, and retreated northwards to the mountains.

* Afterwards Lord Clyde.

When the mutiny had been put down, the government was handed over to the Crown, and the East India Company and its army ceased to exist. In 1876 the queen of England took the title of "Empress of India."

LXI.—THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW. (1857.)

[A story is told, that the first to know of the approach of Havelock's relieving force towards Lucknow, was a Scotch girl called Jessie Brown. She was lying on the floor sick with fever, her ear to the ground, when she suddenly leapt to her feet and declared that she heard the pipes of Havelock's Highland brigade.]

1. Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills ;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain !
2. Dear to the lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch*
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.
3. Day by day the Indian tiger†
Louder yelled and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.

* *Pibroch*, the warlike music of the Scottish bagpipe.

† *Indian tiger*, the fierce Indian Sepoy, who was as treacherous as the tiger, and as stealthy as the *serpent*.

“Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!” the soldier said;
“To-morrow death’s between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

4. Oh, they listened, looked, and waited
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.



The Highland Brigade.

Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
“Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?—
The pipes o’ Havelock sound!”

5. Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;
 Hushed the wife her little ones ;
 Alone they heard the drum-roll
 And the roar of Sepoy guns.
 But to sounds of home and childhood
 The Highland ear was true ;—
 As her mother's cradle-crooning
 The mountain pipes she knew.

6. Like the march of soundless music
 Through the vision of the seer,*
 More of feeling than of hearing,
 Of the heart than of the ear.
 She knew the droning pibroch,
 She knew the Campbell's call :
 "Hark ! hear ye no' Macgregor's,—
 The grandest o' them all !"

7. Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
 And they caught the sound at last ;
 Faint and far beyond the Goomtee †
 Rose and fell the pipers' blast !
 Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
 Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
 "God be praised !—the march of Havelock—
 The piping of the clans !"

8. Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
 Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
 Came the wild Macgregor clan-call,
 Stinging all the air to life.
 But when the far-off dust-cloud
 To plaided legions grew,
 Full tenderly and blithesomely
 The pipes of rescue blew !

* *Vision of the seer*, the dream of the prophet.

† *Goomtee*, the river Goomtee, the tributary of the river Ganges,
 on which Lucknow stands.

9. Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest—
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,*
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.
- 10 Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

—J. G. Whittier.

LXII.—THE SECOND TWENTY YEARS OF VICTORIA'S REIGN.

Since the quelling of the mutiny in India, England has not engaged in any serious foreign war; but a number of costly "little wars," bringing but small honour or substantial benefit, have from time to time occupied our soldiers abroad.

In 1868 King Theodore of Abyssinia, for some fancied offence, imprisoned a number of English residents in Magdala, his capital. As he refused to release them, Sir Robert Napier—since created Lord Napier of Magdala—was sent out with an expedition. After a most difficult march over mountainous regions, he stormed and took Magdala, and Theodore, resolving not to survive defeat, shot himself as the British troops burst through the gates of the town.

* The Scotch cut their way through the Indians.

In 1874 King Koffee of Ashantee, near the west coast of Africa, made himself troublesome to the English by interfering with her trade amongst other tribes. A small but efficient army under Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out to Africa, and a sharp and decisive victory over the Ashantees opened the way to Ooomassie, the capital. Then King Koffee sued for peace, and undertook to pay some of the expenses of the war.

In the year 1878 a quarrel broke out between the colonists of Natal and King Cetewayo, the chief of the Zulu nation. War was declared, and the British troops marched into Zululand in three columns. Two of these, one under Colonel Pearson, the other under Colonel Sir Evelyn Wood, were everywhere successful. But the third and main column, under the command of Lord Chelmsford, allowed themselves to be surprised at Isandula, when they were almost literally cut to pieces by the Zulus. The same day a small band of about 150 men, who had been left to guard a farmhouse used as a storehouse and hospital at Rorke's Drift on the banks of the Buffalo River, were fiercely attacked by an immense body of Zulus who had come on from Isandula.

As soon as the little garrison were informed of their approach, they hastily fortified the farmyard, as best they could, with biscuit boxes, mealie bags, and whatever came to hand. All night, under the direction of Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, they withstood the fierce attack of thousands of infuriated Zulus, and by their plucky and resolute defence thrust back the savage army, and saved the colony of Natal.

More troops were sent out from England, and Lord Chelmsford, pushing his way into the heart of the enemy's country, gained the decisive battle of Ulundi, and made Cetewayo prisoner. Cetewayo was sent to reside at the Cape, and Zululand was broken up and divided among a number of chiefs, none of whom are very powerful.

In 1880 war broke out again in South Africa. The Boers of the Transvaal State refused to be annexed to

England, and broke out in revolt. **General Colley**, with the few troops at his command, marched against the Boers, who had taken up a strong position at **Laing's Neck**, a mountainous region on the borders of Natal. The Boers, who were all skilled riflemen, had the best of it in several encounters.

General Colley, after a difficult night march, seized **Majuba Hill**, the key to the Boer position; but he neglected to fortify it, and by a bold and determined attack, the Boers won back the hill-top, and **General Colley** was killed in the action.

The British troops, now strongly reinforced from England, were at once placed under the command of **Sir Evelyn Wood**, who had made himself famous in the Zulu war; but, as soon as they were ready to march into the Transvaal, the Boers accepted the terms of peace proposed by the English, and acknowledged the suzerainty or protective power of the Queen of England.

While one of England's armies was engaged in the Zulu war, another was doing battle in Afghanistan. In 1878 the Ameer of Afghanistan, who had received at his capital a Russian envoy with marked honours, refused point-blank to have an English ambassador at his court. The English, jealous of Russia's power in Asia, and over-anxious perhaps for the security of India, at once declared war. The Afghans were beaten in several battles and the Ameer fled from the country, and soon after he died. Then peace was made. **Yakooob Khan**, the son of the Ameer, undertook to be guided by England in his relations with foreign countries, and agreed to accept an English Resident at Cabul. Accordingly, **Louis Cavagnari** and his escort took up their residence in the Afghan capital, but they were soon after attacked in the Residency and treacherously murdered by the Afghans. Only a single Sepoy escaped to tell the tale.

At news of **Cavagnari's** murder, **General Roberts** marched upon Cabul, captured the city, punished those

who had been concerned in the murder, and sent Yakoob Khan prisoner to India.

General Roberts spent the winter in Cabul. But when Lord Beaconsfield gave up office, and Mr. Gladstone became prime-minister, the new Government determined to withdraw the troops from Afghanistan. Abdurrahman Khan was put on the throne in the place of Yakoob Khan, and in August the British army of Cabul marched back into India. Prior to this, however, a small British army in South Afghanistan, under General Burrows, was almost cut to pieces by Ayoub Khan, who had claimed the throne of Afghanistan, and who now laid siege to the British forces in Candahar.

When General Roberts, who was at Cabul, heard of this disaster, he hastily got together a compact army, and in little more than twenty days marched a distance of 350 miles through the enemy's country, and reached Candahar. The day after this forced march,—one of the most extraordinary in the annals of modern warfare,—General Roberts gave battle to Ayoub Khan, and utterly routed his forces. This closed the war. Ayoub Khan fled to Herat, from which he was afterwards driven. Abdurrahman was firmly established, and the British troops crossed the Indian frontier in the early part of 1881.

During the last twenty years several important measures have been passed in Parliament. In 1867, the franchise, or power of voting, was extended to every householder in a borough who pays rates; to every lodger who pays £10 a year, and to every person in the counties who pays £12 annual rent. In 1872, open voting was abolished, and the Ballot Act was passed, so that men might vote without fear or favour.

In 1869 Mr. Gladstone's government passed a law to disestablish the Protestant Church in Ireland, where the bulk of the people are Catholics, and the next year amended the Land Laws of that country.

The Irish Land Law of 1870, however, failed to bring prosperity and contentment to Ireland, and in 1881 a new Land Act wider in scope, and more favourable to the tenant farmers, was passed through Parliament.

In 1870 a new Education Act came into force, by which School Boards were established, and education provided for every child in the kingdom.

Great strides have been made in science during the last twenty years.

In 1866 the first Telegraph Cable was laid under the sea between Europe and America, and at the present day news is flashed from one end of the world to the other in a marvellously short time. Telephones, through which people can speak so as to be heard miles away, are already beginning to take the place of the telegraph: and the brilliant Electric light seems likely before long to supersede gas in the illumination of our streets and houses.

We have now come down to our own times. Every day adds to the history of the nation, and each one of us, by our lives, can help to make that history as grand and glorious in the future as it has been in the past.

LXIII.—MEN OF ENGLAND.

1. Men of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires* their blood—
Men whose undegenerate† spirit
Has been proved on land and flood,—
2. By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies‡ captured—breaches§ mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won !

* *Sires*, forefathers.

† *Undegenerate*, not having lost the good qualities of a race.

‡ *Trophies*, memorials of victories.

§ *Breaches*, openings broken in walls or fortresses.

3. Yet remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the virtues of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.
4. What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?



What avails in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

5. Pageants! Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

6. Yours are Hampden's,* Russell's† glory,
Sydney's‡ matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts!

7. We're the sons of sires that baffled
Harsh and hated tyranny :—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we !
—*Campbell.*

* *Hampden*, a patriot who lived in the reign of Charles I., and was prominent in the dispute between that king and the Parliament.

† *Russell*, Lord Russell, executed in the reign of Charles II.

‡ *Sydney*, beheaded in the reign of Charles II.

§ *Agincourt*, a victory gained by the English over the French in 1415.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

THE constitution of the British Empire is monarchical, but as the monarch has only limited powers and is kept in check by other powers in the State, it is not an absolute, but a **Limited Monarchy**.

The supreme power in the State is vested in the King (or Queen), the House of Lords and the House of Commons.

The Sovereign alone has the power to call or to dissolve Parliament, to levy war, to make peace, or to enter into treaties with foreign nations. The Sovereign's assent is necessary before a Bill passed through the two Houses can become law. The King (or Queen) is at the head of the Executive, or of those who put the laws into force, and all magistrates derive their power and authority from the Sovereign.

The Sovereign has the right to create Peers, to appoint the officers in the army and navy, the governors of the Colonies and the ministers of State. But as the Sovereign seldom acts without the advice of the ministers of the Crown, most of these rights are practically exercised by the Prime Minister and his Cabinet.

It is often said that "the king can do no wrong," which means first, that the ministers of the Crown are responsible for the acts of the Sovereign; and secondly, that there is no tribunal in the land which has power to judge its ruler. But the Sovereign would forfeit his lawful right to the allegiance of his people if he levied war upon his subjects, or imposed taxes without the consent of Parliament, or (according to the present law), if he ceased to be a member of the Established Church.

The House of Lords consists of all the English Peers, of twenty-eight Irish Peers elected for life, and of sixteen Scotch Peers who are only elected for each Parliament. The Peers are either spiritual or temporal. The spiritual lords are the archbishops and bishops; the

temporal lords are dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons.

The House of Lords can originate any Bill except one referring to taxation, which can only be originated in the House of Commons. A peer cannot be tried for any crime except by the peers. The House of Lords is the Supreme Court of Justice in England, and appeals from other courts are heard and decided there. There are at present 448 members of the House of Lords. The Sovereign has the power to create new peers at pleasure, and distinguished Commoners are often elevated to the peerage.

The House of Commons, which consists of members from the counties and boroughs, represents the bulk of the people of England, and is the most important part of the Legislature. Most new Bills—and all Bills relating to taxation—are originated in the House of Commons, or Lower House. A Bill is made law in this way:—The proposer of the Bill obtains leave to bring in the measure, and the Bill is read for the *first* time. Then a debate or discussion takes place upon it, followed by a vote of the House. If the “ayes” are in a majority over the “noes,” the Bill is allowed to be read a *second* time; if the “noes” have it, the bill is dropped.

When a Bill has passed the *second reading*, it is then considered clause by clause by what is called a committee of the House, some clauses being retained, others perhaps rejected, and then the Bill in its amended form is read for the *third* time.

After the *third reading*, the Bill is sent up to the Upper House, or House of Lords, where it may be accepted or rejected. If it be accepted, it is read three times, as in the House of Commons, and then sent up to receive the sanction of the Sovereign. As soon as the Sovereign has given his or her consent, the Bill becomes law, and is called an Act of Parliament.

The House consists broadly of two parties—Liberals and Conservatives. Whichever party has the majority in the House is said to be “in power,” and the other party

is said to be "in opposition." The party "in power" takes upon itself the government of the country, and introduces all public measures; and the Prime (or chief) Minister and the other officers of State are selected from that party.

The chief officers of State are the First Lord of the Treasury or Prime Minister, who is at the head of the Government, and is generally, though not always, in the House of Commons; the Lord Chancellor, who sits on the woolsack and presides over the House of Lords; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has charge over the revenues of the country; the Chief Secretaries of State for Home Affairs, for Foreign Affairs, for Ireland, for India, for the Colonies, for War, for the Board of Trade, &c,—these and some others form what is called the Ministry or Cabinet, and are the advisers of the Crown. When the Government is defeated in any important measure—the "opposition" comes into power, and takes up the Government of the nation.

The House of Commons consists of 658 members, of whom 105 represent Ireland, and fifty sit for Scotland.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

Norman Dynasty.*(Family of William the Conqueror.)*

William I.	1066.
" II.	1087.
Henry I.	1100.
Stephen I.	1135.

Plantagenet Dynasty.*(Family of Geoffrey Plantagenet.)*

Henry II.	1154.
Richard I.	1189.
John	1199.
Henry III.	1216.
Edward I.	1272.
" II.	1307.
" III.	1327.
Richard II.	1377.

Lancastrian Dynasty.*(Family of John of Gaunt.)*

Henry IV.	1399.
" V.	1413.
" VI.	1422.

York Dynasty.*(Family of Edmund Langley.)*

Edward IV.	1461.
" V.	1483.
Richard III.	1483.

Tudor Dynasty.*(Family of Owen Tudor.)*

Henry VII.	1485.
" VIII.	1509.
Edward VI.	1547.
Mary I.	1553.
Elizabeth	1558.

Stuart Dynasty.*(Family of Mary, Queen of Scots.)*

James I.	1603.
Charles I.	1625.
<i>Commonwealth,</i>	1649.
Restoration of	
Charles II.	1660.
James II.	1685.
William III. and	
Mary II.	1689.
Anne	1702.

Guelph Dynasty.*(Family of Sophia, Electress of Hanover.)*

George I.	1714.
" II.	1727.
" III.	1760.
" IV.	1820.
William IV.	1830.
Victoria I.	1837.

NOTABLE EVENTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

(WITH DATES.)

From the Romans to the Wars of the Roses.

- A.D. B.C. 55. Julius Cæsar invades Britain.
305. St. Alban is martyred.
449. The Saxons invade England.
597. Christianity introduced by St. Augustine.
800. Egbert begins to reign and joins the kingdoms of the Heptarchy.
871. Alfred the Great begins to reign.
1013. The Danes under Sweyn conquer England.
1016. Canute the Great becomes King of England.
1042. Edward the Confessor restores the Saxon line.
1066. The Norman Conquest.
1096. The first Crusade.
1164. Constitutions of Clarendon drawn up.
1170. Murder of Thomas A'Becket.
1172. Conquest of Ireland.
1215. Magna Charta signed by King John.
1265. First House of Commons called by De Montfort.
1282. Conquest of Wales and Scotland.
1314. Independence of Scotland won by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn.
1346. Battle of Crecy.
1356. Battle of Poitiers.
1381. Wat Tyler's rebellion.
1415. Battle of Agincourt.
1429. Siege of Orleans raised by Joan of Arc.

NOTABLE EVENTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

(WITH DATES.)

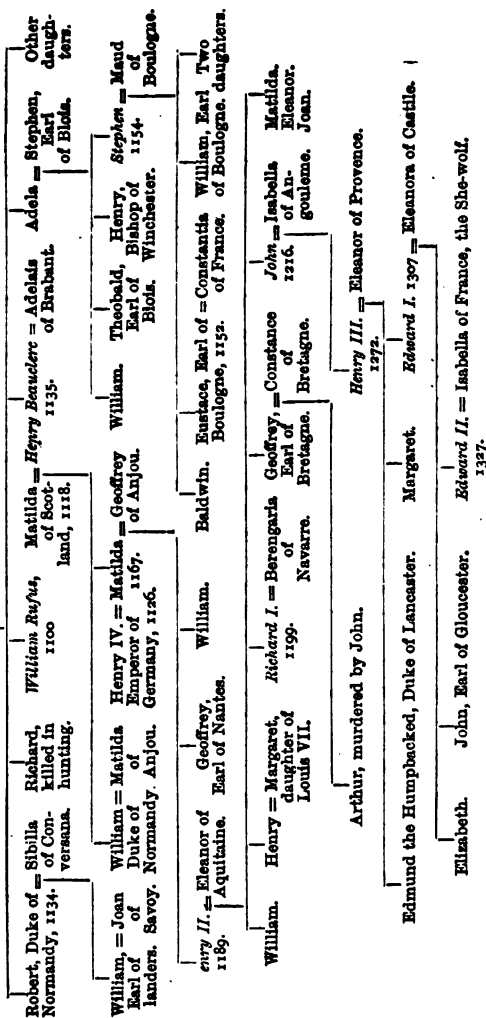
From the Wars of the Roses to the Present Time.

- A.D.
- 1455. Beginning of Wars of the Roses. Battle of St. Albans.
 - 1471. Battle of Tewkesbury. End of the War.
 - 1474. Introduction of Printing into England by Caxton.
 - 1483. Murder of the Princes in the Tower.
 - 1485. Battle of Bosworth. Accession of Henry VII.
 - 1530. Death of Wolsey.
 - 1548. Reformation in England.
 - 1587. Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.
 - 1588. Defeat of the Spanish Armada.
 - 1605. Union of Crowns of England and Scotland.
 - 1608. Founding of New England by the Pilgrim Fathers.
 - 1642. Beginning of Civil War between Charles and his Parliament.
 - 1649. Execution of Charles I.
 - 1651. Battle of Worcester. Flight of Charles II.
 - 1660. Charles II. restored to the Throne.
 - 1665. The Great Plague. A.D. 1666. The Great Fire.
 - 1687. Trial of the Seven Bishops.
 - 1688. Landing of William of Orange in England.
 - 1704. Battle of Blenheim.
 - 1706. Union of England and Scotland.
 - 1745. The Rebellion of Prince Charles.
 - 1756. Capture of Quebec. Death of Wolfe.
 - 1757. Battle of Plassey.
 - 1775. Outbreak of the American War.
 - 1783. Independence of America Established.
 - 1789. Beginning of French Revolution.
 - 1805. Battle of Trafalgar. Death of Nelson.
 - 1815. Battle of Waterloo.
 - 1829. Catholic Emancipation.
 - 1832. The First Reform Bill.
 - 1854. Beginning of the Crimean War.
 - 1857. Outbreak of the Indian Mutiny.

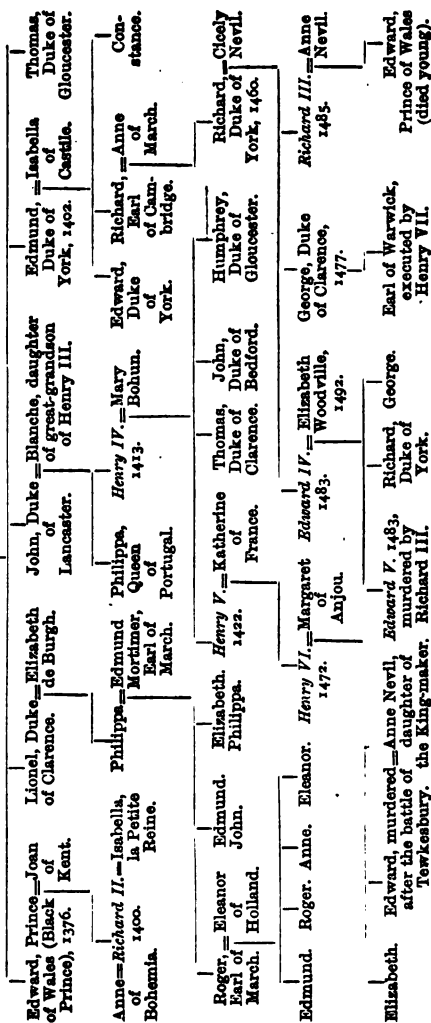
NORMANS AND PLANTAGENETS (WITH DATE OF DEATH).

THREE NORMANS—ONE BLOIS—FOURTEEN PLANTAGENETS.

William the Conqueror = Matilda, daughter of Baldwin V. Earl of Flanders.



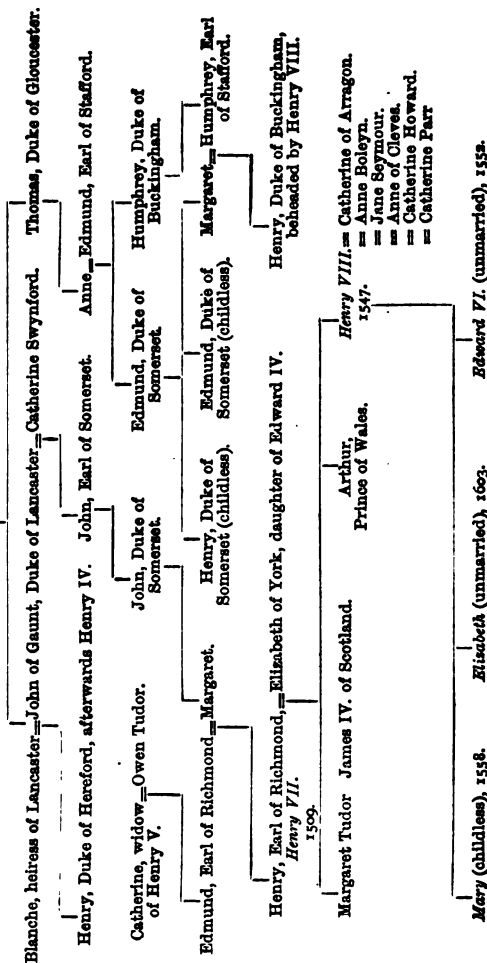
Edward III. = Philippa of Hainault.



HOUSE OF TUDOR.

FIVE SOVEREIGNS.

Edward III. = Philippa of Hainault.



HOUSE OF STUART.

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Robert Bruce, of Bannockburn.

David I. 1171.

Marjory = Walter Stuart, Grand Seneschal of Scotland.

Robert II.

James I.

James II.

James III.

Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. = James IV.

Magdalen of France = James V. = Mary of Lorraine.

Francis II. of France = Mary, Queen of Scots, 1587. = Henry Darnley.

Anne of Denmark = James I. of England.

1625.

Frederic, Count Palatine of the Rhine = Elizabeth.

Anne Hyde = James II. = Mary Beatrice

1701.

of Modena.

Duke of

Gloucester.

Henrietta.

Maria Louisa.

James, called the first Pretender.

Mary Sobieski.

Charles Edward, "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Henry, Cardinal York.

HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK,

OR, ESTE AND GUELPH.

Azon d'Este=Cunegund, heiress of the Guelphs of Altorf.

Gueph I., Duke of Bavaria. Fulk, ancestor of the House of Modena.

Matilda=Gueph II. 1120. Henry the Black=Wulfrida, heiress of Lunenburg of Tuscany.

Gertrude, daughter of Lothaire II. : she = Henry the Proud.
brought Saxony, Brunswick, and Hanover.Maud Plantagenet, daughter of Henry the Lion, was put under the ban of the Empire, and lost
Henry II. of England. all his vast possessions except Brunswick and Lunenburg.

Henry.

Otho.

William, Longsword, 1213.

Otho.

Albert the Great.

Henry, ancestor of the Grubenhagen line.

Sophia of Mecklenburg=Ernest, 1546.*

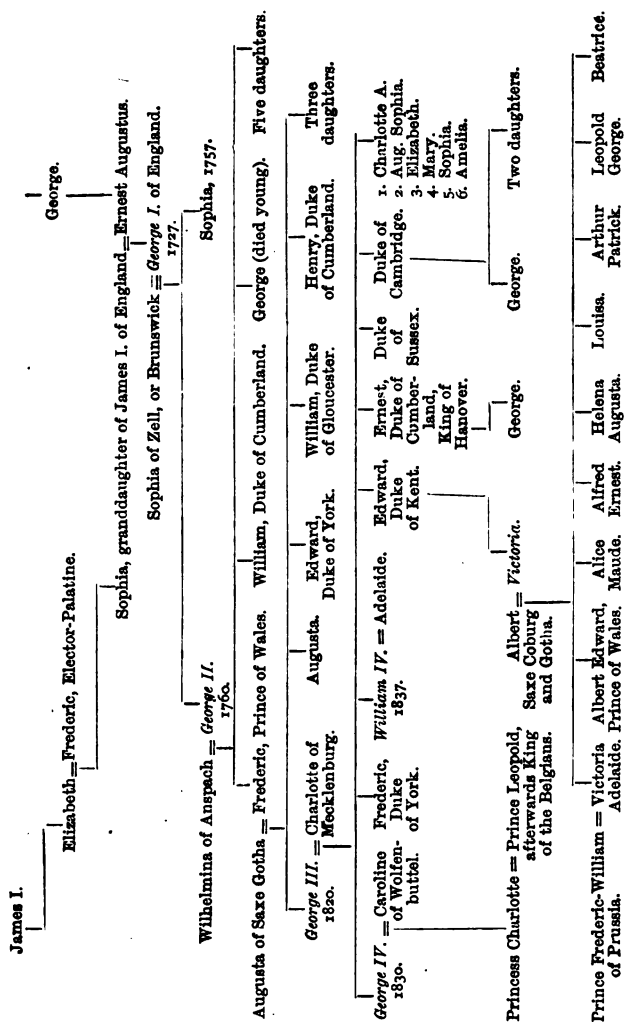
Line of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel.

Henry, 1598.

Line of Zell, or Hanover.

William.

* Between Albert the Great and Ernest there were seven princes.



THE GRANVILLE HISTORY READERS.

EDITED BY T. J. LIVESEY,

Author of "The Primer of English History," the "How to Teach" Series, &c. &c.

No. I.

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. Illustrated.
Adapted to Standard II. Price 9d.

No. I-A.

THE SAME WITH ADDITIONAL STORIES FROM
English History, and EASY HISTORICAL POEMS. Illustrated.
Adapted to Standard III. Price 1s.

No. II.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ROMANS TO
the Wars of the Roses. Prose and Verse. Illustrated. Adapted
to Standard IV. Price 1s. 3d.

No. III.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE WARS OF THE
Roses to the Present Day. Prose and Verse. Illustrated.
Adapted to Standard V. Price 1s. 6d.

No. IV.

NOTABLE EVENTS IN ENGLAND'S HISTORY, being
Selections from the best writers in Prose and Verse. Illustrated. Adapted to Standards VI. and VII. Price 1s. 9d.

"Messrs. Burns and Oates' Series of History Readers opens in a manner excellently calculated to create a favourable impression on the minds of little children as to the interest and pleasure to be derived from the study of English History.

"The First Reader consists of Stories from English History made as interesting and picturesque as possible. The stories are narrated in a style which is bright and pleasant, and at the same time sufficiently simple to be read with ease and pleasure by children of the Second Standard.

"The attractiveness of the Reader is increased by a large number of well-executed illustrations. No. I. promises well for the remainder of the Series."—*School Board Chronicle*.

LONDON: BURNS & OATES.



